The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1687 MAY 21, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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GENASPRIN
The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

AS GOOD AS WHISKY CAN BE!
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PERFECTION SCOTS WHISKY.

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HENNESSY
THE STAR OF THREE STAR BRANDY
HENNESSY XO GUARANTEED OVER FORTY YEARS OLD

TURNBERRY HOTEL
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PORT, SHERRY, SAUTERNE, CLARET, BURGUNDY, CHAMPAGNE, ETC. AT MODERATE PRICES
WINE LISTS ON APPLICATION
By Appointment to H.M. The King.
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By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

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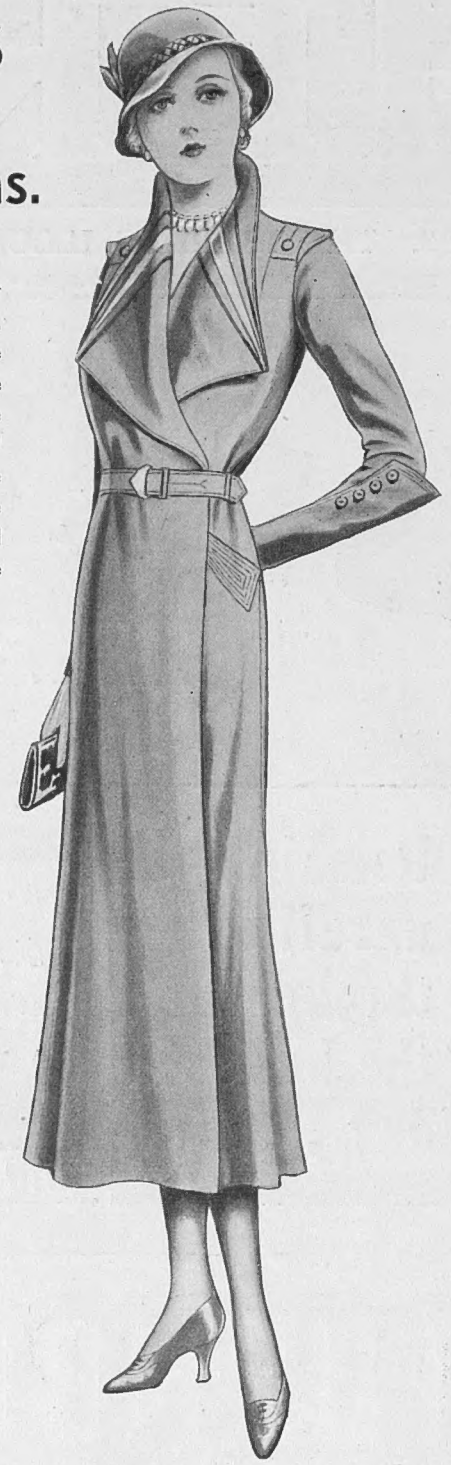
EVERY SPORTSMAN appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.
Prices from **4 Guineas.**
THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2

CADBURY
Maker of fine Chocolates

Two New Swan & Edgar Outfits

each 8 Gns.



MODEL A *(below)* — Smart outfit in semi-military style. The coat is made in white Afgalaine with red, white and blue borders on the wide lapels, and finished with white leather belt. The hat has crown of white material with red, white and blue brim to match the coat.

Complete outfit **8 Gns.**

MODEL B *(above)* — This novelty outfit is made in marine blue Bouclette Cloth with inserted white and red material trimming on lapels. The hat is designed in the same material with red, white and blue plaited trimming round crown.

Complete outfit **8 Gns.**

A large selection of white and coloured outfits in stock at - - **5½ Gns.**

Coats: Second Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

Swan & Edgar, Ltd., London, W.1 *'Phone: Regent 1616*

Premier Quality Lowest Price

CANADIAN SILVER FOX SKINS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.

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The finest value obtainable.

A good opportunity to purchase good quality skins, direct from Montreal, at

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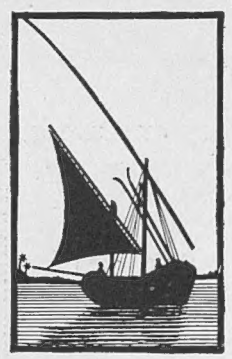

CRUISES

BY THE 20,000 TON STEAMERS

ORONTES & ORFORD

NORWAY

AND NORTHERN CAPITALS

8 DAYS FROM 11 GUINEAS
13 DAYS FROM 20 GUINEAS
20 DAYS FROM 30 GUINEAS

MEDITERRANEAN

AND ADRIATIC

13 DAYS FROM 21 GUINEAS
21 DAYS FROM 38 GUINEAS

Illustrated programme on application

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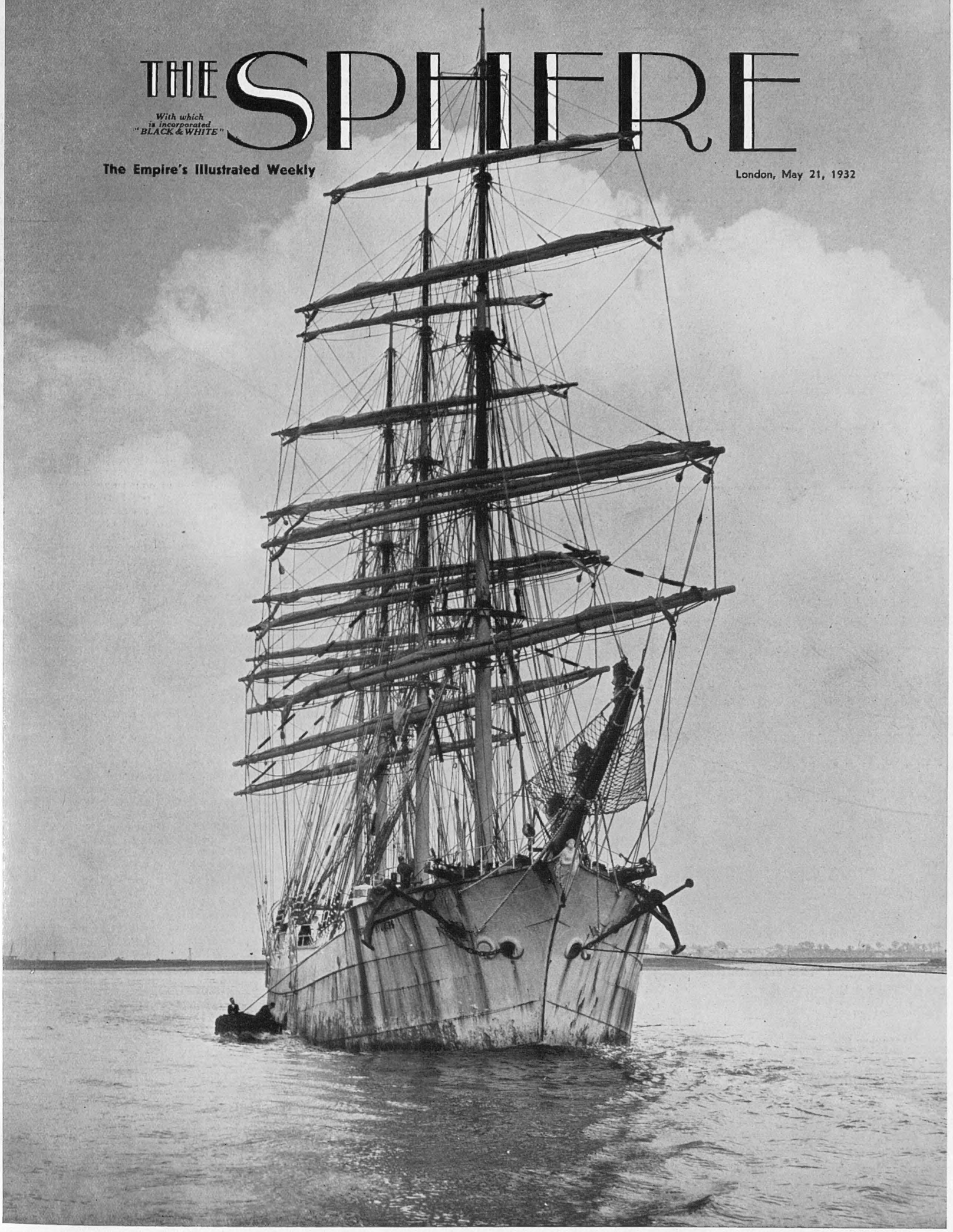
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 21, 1932



THE PRIDE OF SWEDEN— THE FIRST SHIP HOME

"Abraham Rydberg" off Gravesend, the First of the Nineteen Ships of the Australian Wheat Fleet to Arrive

The four-masted barque *Abraham Rydberg* succeeded in being the first ship home of this year's Australian Wheat Fleet. She is in many quarters regarded as the best found sailing ship extant. Her crew is made up of cadets for the merchant navy of Sweden between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. The vessel enjoyed an excellent passage, for not only did they experience no bad weather, but they were also able to carry their royals—the highest sails of all—for the major part of the trip. When she shortened sail to be towed up the Thames it was the first time since leaving Gothenberg that she had taken a tow; on all other occasions she had entered port under her snowy spread of towering canvas. *Abraham Rydberg*, which is equipped with new short-wave wireless, was bequeathed as a training ship eighty-five years ago by the philanthropist whose name she bears; and all cadets, on joining, sign the will of the donor. She operates under Royal Charter

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

DANCING WITH *SLEEP* IN THEIR EYES! The world's championship marathon for "Walkathon"—dancing slowly—is being held in St. Louis, Missouri. The prize is one thousand dollars. Miss Deane Sharpe of San Francisco is seen above after having danced for almost one thousand hours. Although she nearly collapsed in her partner's arms, she was revived and carried on. There is a movement towards the abandonment of fantastic competitions of this type—not before it is due

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 18, 1932.

VICTIMS OF A NATION'S INDIFFERENCE.

—For months the sympathy of the world has been extended to the Lindbergh family, the innocent victims of the fatal neglect or incompetence of a great nation. The Lindbergh kidnapping was no isolated act of brigandage. Kidnapping and murder have long been rife and easy in the States, and the kidnapping of the son of the idol of the States was merely to set the crown on the disdainful impudence of criminals, and on the acknowledged incompetence of the law. The child is dead, and the long, long weeks of agonizing uncertainty are tragically resolved for the parents. Colonel Lindbergh has been callously cheated, lied to, and hoodwinked generally alike by the underworld and a number of reputable busybodies. He and his young wife have been made martyrs and dupes and their little boy a sacrifice in order that a great country may learn the bitter lesson of its failure in the eyes of civilization. There is no more concentrated force in human beings than is found in a body of Americans pledged to right a wrong or achieve some definite aim. If local and national administrations are definitely adjudged incapable of coping with the present lawlessness and corruption in America, then the time has come for decent Americans to band themselves together—a nation of special constables under arms—to rid their country of the horror and degradation of vice, corruption, and crime triumphant. If the Lindbergh tragedy does not cause "the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny"—the American nation is emasculated indeed. Too long it has put wealth before character.

. . . . .

Sometimes (about ten times a day) I ask myself: is Democracy worth saving? Would it not be better to suffer the herd to precipitate itself over the cliff edge? The answer to my question comes to-day from America. With the first hot weekend of summer, an amusement park for sightseers was set up close to the spot where the body of the Lindberghs' baby was found. The soft-drink and pea-nut vendors did a roaring trade, and 40,000 American citizens, brought together in charabancs and cars, peeped and revelled beneath the stricken windows. It was America's joy day, America's Crumbles.

VALE VALERA?

—The Irish Free State has been provided with food for reflection, and some of its more practical and less visionary citizens may come to see Valera, and his visions of an Emerald Isle in verdant and splendid isolation, in a new light. The Minister of Finance foreshadowed a grim year for Southern Ireland. Income tax goes up 1s. 6d. in the pound, the hospitals must contribute a quarter of their sweep takings (£600,000 in a year); newspapers, tea, tobacco, are all heavily mulcted in taxes; and civil servants are sacrificed in a courageous effort to make Ireland stand alone. But if the Free State persists in scorning the Imperial symbol of the Crown, it will be treated as from November next exactly as a foreign country in respect of its exports into Great Britain, and Empire Preference for Free State goods will be abolished. I feel very certain that before long dreams will yield to reality, and it will be Vale Valera.

ECONOMY AGAIN (OR AT LAST?).

—Last April every single Department of State when its "Day" came round in the Debate on the Budget, accepted the cuts it had made at the pistol point, but added that those cuts represented blood drawn from a stone, were rockbottom, and must be restored at the first possible date. And now the bulk of the country is behind its Parliamentary representatives (whose protagonists are Mr. Churchill and Sir R. Horne) in a strenuous and determined demand for root and branch economy in public services. If you consider, it is an extraordinary circumstance, this sudden "asking for more" by John Oliver Twist Bull. A month ago the Ministers were optimists and triumphantly proud of their achievements in economy; the bled departments were pitied wearers of the martyr's crown, and the public was satisfied. Four *weeks* have passed, no more. Those Ministers are once more blind fiddlers dancing on the crater edge, the martyrs are bloated and squealing squandermaniacs, and the public is out for blood. And the public is right and must have blood. We are still wallowing in the post-War finance of Lloyd George. Governments have not yet begun to comprehend what real and sane cutting down of expenditure means. There are fifty millions still to be cut in Civil Service estimates—and then some.

ROAD DEATH.

—We, who expressed our solemn warnings of what would result if the speed limits on the road were removed, were laughed out of court as a tiny minority of white-livered Jeremiahs. And now the public is alive to the scandal of this wholesale murder, and loud in the expression of its rage, and as a result the irresponsible gang of "responsible officials," are beginning to turn in their sleep. The cause of death for pedestrians is, of course, primarily unlimited speed of motor vehicles unchecked by the police. The road police have not yet begun seriously to function. The prime cause of vehicular accidents is certainly overcrowded roads thronged by inexpert and callous drivers of trade and heavy vehicles. There is no country in the world but ours which could see (without attempting to put right) the glaring dilemma of road and rail. Here are railways (in which the people's millions are invested and which are the hope of employment for hundreds of thousands) clamouring for custom, freight and passenger. Here are roads, choked with unnecessary traffic and stained with human blood. But because "this is a free country," the Englishman must not be prevented from going to hell in his own way—and at his own pace—and carrying innocent thousands along with him.

THE GREATEST GOOD.

—Do Ministers of Transport look ahead? Do they paint the picture of what the present "broadminded tolerance" and philosophic doubt will lead to? It is as clear as possible, from the sentimental hesitancy of the Licensing Authorities, that no hint of the coming tragedy has hitherto been passed down from the Ministries concerned. There have been more than a few suggestions from Authority that it believes that in God's good time the perfection of air transport will solve the difficulty without "interfering with private enterprise." If ever there was a time in our history to knock on the head the absurd idea of individual freedom of thought and action, and to substitute the livelier principle of the greatest good for the greatest number, it is to-day and in the sphere of road transport. No one suggests that the local baker and butcher must deliver their loaves and joints by rail instead of road. The public is not so foolish as to suppose that the passage of freight by road can be, or ought to be, forbidden. But it does see and has seen for some time that the time is overdue for striking a balance, and for rendering to the railways the type of freight that is essentially its perquisite and for regularising road freight and public and trade vehicles, albeit at the expense of individual freedom of action.

CHURCHILL REDIVIVUS.

—Post-War political history teaches one great lesson unequivocally: if a politician wishes to preserve or enhance his reputation, he must retire into the wilderness and be dumb for choice. Not very long ago Mr. Churchill retired voluntarily into the wilderness and for a time spoke less than usual, and wrote, and doubtless thought, a great deal. The thoughtless imagined that he was therefore written off the list of political protagonists, that his political day was over, and that his political genius was no longer suited to a new and dingier and less picturesque era of politics. Meanwhile the magic of the wilderness worked its charm. Free from the dangers of making mistakes and getting criticized, Mr. Churchill has been quietly nursing his reputation for statesmanship, and now and again revealing in constructive suggestions the harvest of quiet thinking. No politician in office ever has time to think. He is for ever stopping a gap in a rotting dam. Consequently, people are once more beginning to think of Mr. Churchill as a statesman, as THE MAN, that political Messiah for whose coming our hearts grow sick. Mr. Churchill is a mere boy, in the late fifties. He is one of our leading literary lights, a famous conversationalist, a soldier of fortune, a politician supreme in debate, experienced in administration, and supremely experienced in Parliamentary procedure.

His worst handicap in politics in the past has been his courage. In matters military he is one of those dangerous amateurs whose fanaticism is a real public menace. He is a junker, an imperialist of the stern Kipling school, and an anti-Socialist of the explosive type, and his moral courage when he discourses on these topics has made us all shake in our shoes. For this reason—that courage in government and confidence in Britain's genius for administration have gone out of fashion since the War. Our one dread has been that by strongly expressing any honest opinion we might "annoy" the bogies of modern life—Bolshevism, Democracy, Sentimentality. But Mr. Churchill's vigorous hammer blows have curiously often hit the nail on the head. He has proved more often right than wrong. A reaction is coming towards courage, towards once more facing facts, towards reasserting our belief in our national genius, and on the crest of that returning tide Mr. Churchill bobs up, buoyant as ever.

THE TREASURES OF A CATHEDRAL.

—I don't wonder that the discerning have found their way these last weeks to Spink's Gallery in King Street to look at the treasures of Mainz Cathedral. There are but a score of exhibits in all, yet each one is a treasure beyond price and the exhibition itself can be likened to a tiny jewel set with precious stones of many kinds. Illuminated manuscripts, silver gilt book covers with reliefs, two superb strips of tapestry, chasubles, jewellery, and enamelled cups all of dates between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. I will pick out No. 1 and No. 2, fifteenth-century tapestries of great interest and importance, No. 5 an embroidered chasuble which is itself like a piece of jewellery, No. 21 an illuminated book of hours of the fifteenth century and, last and first, No. 18—a pair of brooches. These jewels were found on a rubbish pit near Mainz Cathedral Choir in 1896. These are a pair, star-shaped, of pearls, sapphires, amethysts, set in the most delicate gold filigree, in perfect preservation; they have none of the ruined tawdriness of Elizabethan or even eighteenth-century jewellery. They are

sletter

delicate, graceful, almost "ultra-modern," the very poetry of the jeweller's skill—and they were made in the eleventh century, 900 years ago. This exhibit is indeed a jewel set to a jewel and is worth an exhibition to itself. There is still time to see it and the others.

A DETERRENT.—Mrs. Meyrick has gone out of business—the most profitable business known in this year of grace. She admits herself beaten, and by the poor old Law which she and others have so long regarded as a h'Ass. The night-club queen has abdicated. The night life of London will know her no more. She is going to sample the buttercups and daisies. Champagne yields to cider and cocktails to syllabub, and Mrs. Meyrick's great talents as a restaurateuse (or -trice) will be eagerly sought for the harvest supper in sweet Auburn. Mrs. Meyrick has lost the courage of her previous convictions, and half the House of Lords, half Scotland Yard (including all members of the force who feel uncomfortable in evening clothes) heave a sigh of relief. And so do you and I, who are sick to death of Mrs. Meyrick and the "stories" she has made in the sensational press for a decade. Let us hope we shall never hear her name mentioned again. She has provided an unedifying view of our social life.

GARDENS OF ENGLAND.—I was gratified to hear that as a result of my first venture this year in recommending gardens opening under the Nursing Scheme to readers of THE SPHERE, all parties were satisfied. The "noticed" garden owners were delighted to receive visitors directed to them by THE SPHERE, and THE SPHERE readers who took my tip were highly satisfied. For Saturday, May 21, I recommend the following horticultural pilgrimage, especially attractive to expert gardeners and motorists. The route taken should be Horsham, Petworth, Haslemere. This circuit will enable keen gardeners to see three remarkable gardens. Leonardslee, Horsham (Lady Loder), is one of the most famous rhododendron (which includes azalea) gardens in England and its beauty on May 21 under good conditions should be enough to take your breath away. Petworth House is famous for its pictures, for its associations with Turner, and that great patron of art, Lord Egremont, and for the fact that it is one of the few remaining "stately homes" which retains to the full its ancient splendours uncurtailed, its eighteenth century and aristocratic pride and seclusion. Its immense walled park is a national reserve of the Days of Privilege. It is owned by Lord Leconfield.

Frensham Hall, Haslemere (The Dow. Countess Cawdor) has no architectural features or historic interest, but the gardens, which are large, have long been well known to keen gardeners. Rarities in plants, shrubs, and trees widely abound, and are sometimes rather difficult to find in an extensive acreage; specimens from Frensham evoke considerable interest at the Horticultural Society's Shows and at Kew. Curiosities from China, Tibet, and many other out-of-the-way places flourish here and the azaleas are a sight for the blind when the sun shines. For the motorist, the itinerary is particularly attractive.

A BOOM IN POETS.—The Poet Laureate is out to earn that hogshead of Sack, that handful of silver and ribbon in his cap. The crowned bard has a plan to encourage young and unheard poets and it is safe to say that between this and October many confessed and many latent poets will be busy working to the scale laid down. Mr. Masefield proposes to hold in his theatre on Boar's Hill in October a public festival of song. He invites the composition of narrative poems of 4,000 words or more—his own forte—which will be declaimed by chosen speakers with golden voices and will be judged by the Olympians and awarded money prizes. For even poets must live. I confess I could not listen to more than one such declamation of 4,000 words and more, but in listening to poetry I am perhaps exceptionally pernickety. I find invariably that the voice is too good for the poem or the poem is marred by the voice. The happy wedding I have never yet experienced. Yet I hanker to hear my poetry declaimed before the Olympians by (say) Henry Ainley. It is terribly inviting and attractive. But unfortunately a poet has to be born and I was so foolish as to be born in the eighties!

THE OLD STAGER.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL that went a-winding into all parts of the country—by arterial roads, by-passes, main roads, secondary roads, and country lanes during the Whit week-end, which was (characteristically) characterized by somewhat erratic weather

FLOODS IN MAY: The main road from London to Bath was under water at Hungerford on Whit Monday owing to heavy rain. The entire town turned out to watch motor cars and pedestrians ford the rivered arterial road

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH: In an attempt to avoid a child who ran across the road, the driver of this car crashed into a bridge on the London-Exeter road. The child escaped with a broken leg

ACCIDENT ON PURPOSE: A tragedy of the road staged as a tableau by the Reigate Authorities as an integral part of their Safety First Week, inaugurated on Monday

TURNED TURTLE but not by collision or skid but to point a moral and adorn a tale told by the Reigate Authorities, who are out to reduce the holocaust of the roads

HORSE POWER! A competitor in the London to Edinburgh Reliability Trial needs a pair of horses to reach the top of Park Rash, Kettlewell, Yorks.

MAN POWER! Towing was the ignominious lot of many cars, entered in the London—Edinburgh Trial, when they reached Park Rash, Kettlewell

MAN STILL THE MASTER OF MACHINERY: How cars failed on one of the test hills on the London—Edinburgh Trial

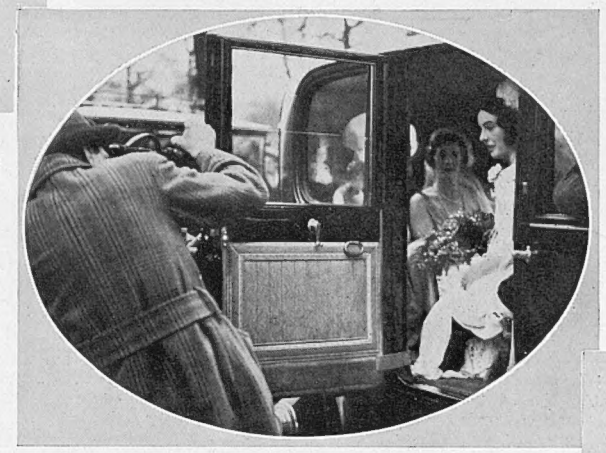
A PRESENTATION KISS! Mrs. Guy Ridpath, the only sister of Dr. Noel Scott, pauses on the doorstep to bid her son *au revoir* before leaving to be presented at "Buck House"

WAITING in the MALL

The Methods of Whiling Away the Tedious Delay in the Mall

THE LONG WAIT in the Mall is something of an ordeal to debutantes who are subjected to a battery of eyes. Miss E. Burkhardt is seen above glancing out of her car

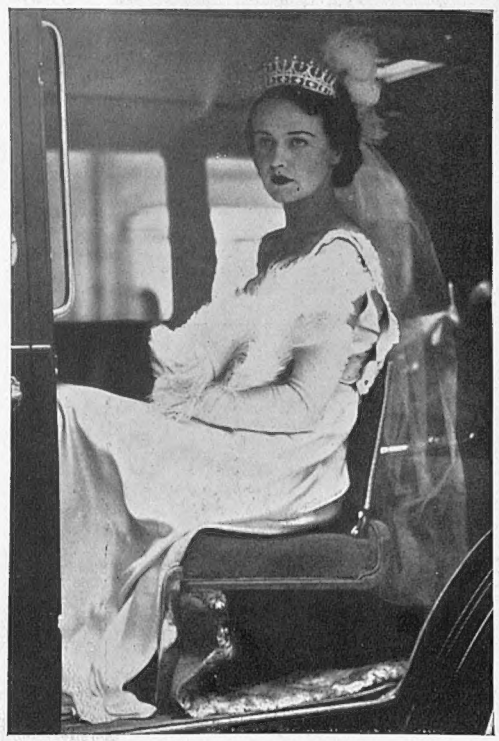
TO WHILE AWAY THE TIME Miss Melliss Marston, the daughter of Sir Charles Marston, takes photographs during the traffic jam in the Mall



PHOTOGRAPHED IN DUPLICATE: Miss S. Hornung was caught by the camera while being filmed during the wait in the Mall—an hour beguiled by various diversions

"QUATER-ACE": Mrs. W. T. Hindson and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Pakenham indulge in a game of backgammon—a pastime enjoying a recrudescence of popularity—in the Mall

ACUTE INTEREST is ever taken in debutantes by the crowds that line the Mall on the night of a Drawing Room, but it seldom extends to peering in so obviously as do these enthusiasts!



BREAKING A RECORD: Miss Madeleine Carroll (Mrs. Philip Astley) is the first actress to be presented at Court during the actual run of a play

AN AMERICAN DEBUTANTE: Miss De Levis Prizer. By a special request of the Queen, only dresses made of British materials were worn

PEGGOTY—a game akin to a mixture of noughts and crosses and cribbage—passes the tedious wait in the Mall for the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn and Miss Wynn Llewellyn

"'RATTING' ALLOWED!" Mr. H. Bent Grotrian, K.C., Recorder of Scarborough, plays a game of coon-can with his daughter, Miss Desiree Grotrian, and his daughter-in-law, Miss Philip Grotrian (nearest camera)

MISS GRISELDA GOULD, the daughter of Mrs. Cecil Harcourt, waiting in the Mall

MISS ANNETTE DOTTRIDGE, who was presented by Mrs. R. S. Dottridge

CAMPING HOLIDAY: A Sheffielder carries her entire outfit—including a folding tent and a Primus stove

A VOCIFEROUS GUARDIAN: A small baby left in charge of the luggage while the grown-ups of the party busied themselves with tickets

AT HIGH SPEED: A general view of Brooklands Race Course during the large Whitsuntide meeting. Excellent results were recorded, one lap record being broken by a Baby and another—Round the Mountain—shattered by Sir Henry Birkin

THRILLS GALORE were the lot of those who visited Brooklands, for, early on in the meeting, one of the M.G.'s skidded on a patch of water and turned round five times, ending up facing the wrong way round. Only a miracle of driving averted tragedy

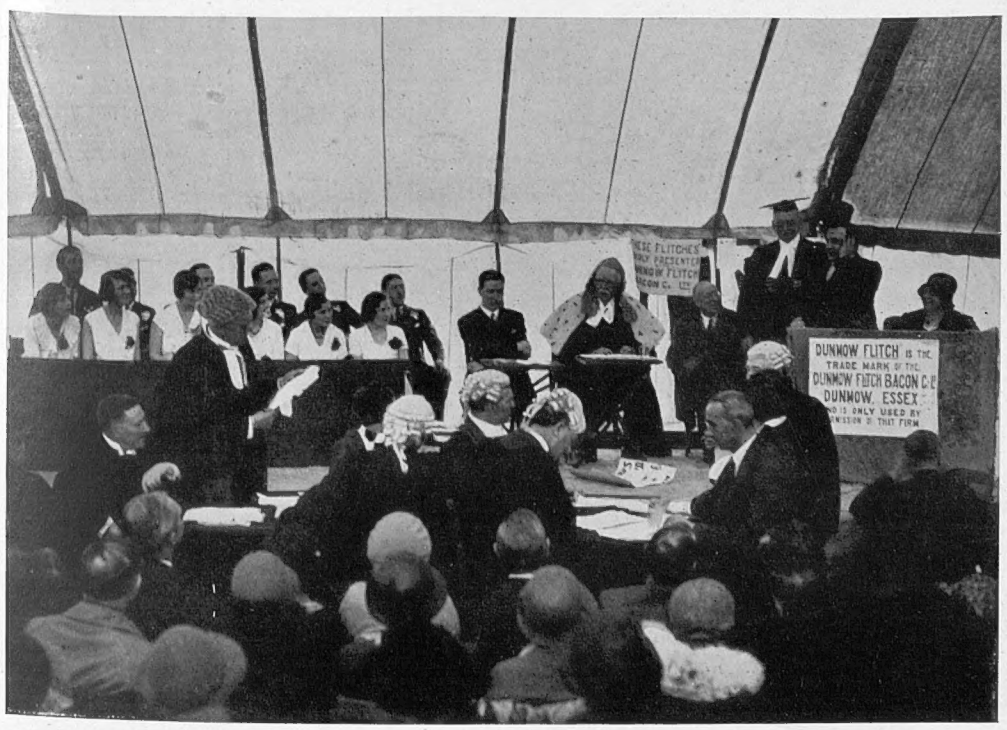
A SPIRITUAL HOLIDAY: A nun, sitting in characteristically serene isolation waits at Victoria for the coach to bear her on her Pentecostal vacation

WEATHERING THE WEATHER: Hikers and picnic parties at Victoria, undeterred by a drenching downpour, queue up for a country trip at Whitsuntide

THE WHIT WEEK-END

Camera Holiday News from Brooklands, Le Touquet, and London

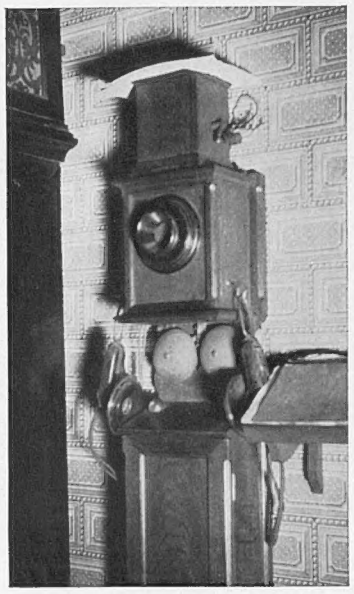
ON THE PICARDY COAST: Mrs. R. Barry Mason, Mr. R. Barry Mason, Captain Grey Horton and Mrs. Tim Ashby in a group at the famous golf links at Le Touquet



THE TRIAL FOR THE DUNMOW FLITCH: The *mise-en-scène* at Gordon Ground, Ilford, when the great feature of the Essex town Whitsun holiday was staged. Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Becontree Heath are seen in the "dock," being questioned by Mr. Grigsby, Counsel for the claimants. The cause was judged by Lord Morris, K.C., P.C., K.C.M.G.

NOTABILITIES AT LE TOUQUET: Lord Furness and the Earl and Countess of Dudley chat at the popular resort in the North of France which is always "packed to the eyebrows" at the holiday just passed

SWORDS INTO PLOUGH-SH



ONE OF THE FIRST TELEPHONES INSTALLED IN GERMANY: No one in Krupps headquarters remembers when this instrument was fitted in the original Krupp house

The long train, with its red-painted Mitropa cars, which had carried us from the Hook of Holland and which would take others on to Budapest, swung round the curve and came to a stop in the station. "Oberhausen, change for Essen," said the conductor, and we climbed out to wait for the local train. And so for the third time in seven years I stood recently on the end of the platform and looked out over the huge plants of Oberhausen, gateway to the Ruhr, the most highly industrialized area in the world. It was a perfect April morning and the slag heaps and blast furnaces and pit gear stood out sharp and clear against the blue sky. When I stood at the same spot in 1925 it was a fine day, but the sun was hidden by a thick pall of smoke just like the cloud that so often hangs over Sheffield. A year ago it was a fine day, too, but the smoke cloud had become much thinner. Recently it was nothing more than a very faint haze. I could see eleven great chimneys, but smoke came from only three of them. Of two batteries of ten blast furnaces only three seemed to be working. The winding-gear on a colliery was motionless, and the heaps of pit dirt were cold. Thus did I get my first indication of the intensity of the economic depression in Germany's heavy industrial area.

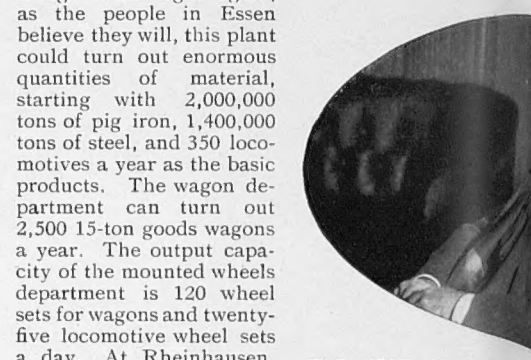
In the streets of Essen there is, at first sight, little evidence of depression. The shop windows are bright and full of goods, the houses and flats are clean and bright, the people on the pavements are soberly and neatly dressed. The yellow trams are full, and the taxis seem busy. Yet when you look closer you begin to see a little below the surface. The working-class food shops are full of bread—real white bread is prohibited as the rye-growers must be helped—but there are very small stocks of meat. When you make inquiry you will realize what this means. It means that in millions of working-class homes bread and potatoes are the staple diet, and meat is eaten once a week, if then. If you work out the purchasing power of the relief paid to the German unemployed—it is difficult to make accurate comparisons with this country in figures because of the exchange restrictions—you find that after the workless man has paid for rent, light, and heat, he has enough left to purchase 1 lb. of potatoes, 8 oz. of bread, 4 oz. of cabbage, and 2 oz. of margarine a day, with a small piece of meat, a sausage, or one pickled herring about three times a month. It is on this kind of ration that about seven million German people are living to-day. Yet their homes are scrupulously tidy, their clothes may be threadbare but they are neat, their boots may be patched but they are polished, and their children are cheerful and clean. The unemployed you see in the streets of Essen or other German towns are striking examples of the effect of a century of conscription. They may be Nazis, Communists, Republicans, or they may be nothing at all, but they have self-discipline. Their main aim is to preserve their personal appearance, arguing that it is the smartest man that gets the job.

Krupps is the heart of Essen and of German industry. Formerly a huge unit for the production of war material, it has been converted, mainly in the last eight years, into an enormous machine capable of producing almost every imaginable iron and steel product. In the Essen plant, one of the sixteen concerns controlled by the Krupp group, a huge hall formerly used for making heavy guns has been converted into a showroom. Here they show you such varied products as ploughs, potato-diggers, motor-lorries, steel plates, forgings, locomotive wheels, excavators, wagons, cotton-spinning machinery, all sorts of stainless steel and chromium-plated products. Hands that made machine-guns now make cash registers. Cinematograph apparatus has taken the place of gun-sights, ploughs the place of artillery limbers, railway lines the place of armoured plating, motor-lorries the place of tanks. The ordnance proving ground at Meppen is now a 24,700 acre farm for testing agricultural machinery. Krupps is the most perfect example of beating the sword into a ploughshare.

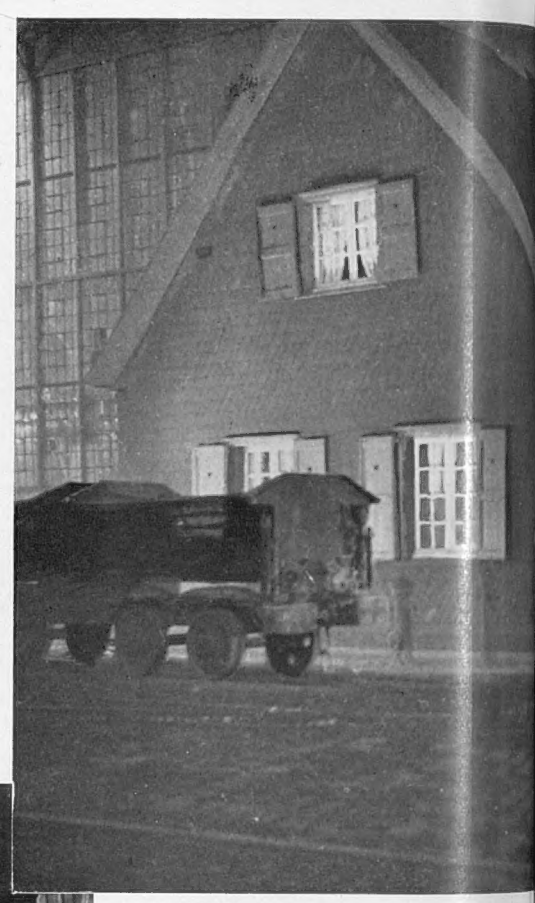
To-day the Krupp concerns are working at probably about one-third of their capacity, yet what strikes one so forcibly about them is not the extent to which plant is lying idle, but the enormity of its potential output. Friedrich Krupp, born in 1787, founded (without any technical knowledge) a smelting-shop and a forge to produce Sheffield crucible steel, excluded from Europe by Napoleon's blockade. After five years of failures and setbacks he managed to produce good cast steel. The plant was transferred to Essen in 1822, to form the heart of the works of to-day, and Krupp gave up his home to go and live in a tiny workman's cottage in the works. He died in it in 1826 at the age of thirty-nine, leaving his eldest boy Alfred to achieve the success that had not come to him. Until the 1840's his mother and brothers and sisters continued to live in the tiny cottage, the "Stammhaus." It still stands to-day in the shadow of the huge shops that tower around it, a memorial to a wonderful achievement.

In the War the Krupp works were enlarged and became the producing plant for the armies in the field, with single shops covering an area of 16 acres turning out 90,000 shell cases and 60,000 projectiles a day, and employing 115,000 workers. After the War the plant was virtually scrapped. By January 1, 1919, the staff was reduced to 43,000; under the Versailles Treaty 2,000 machines, 400 furnaces, and 600,000 tools were destroyed. The 18-acre "Hindenburg" shop was converted for locomotive construction; and the production of peace products, to be interrupted by the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, was begun.

To-day the Krupp concerns in and about Essen cover over 2,000 acres of ground, while there are other plants, iron and coal mines and shipyards, in other parts of Germany. In the steel section of the works there are no fewer than forty-two furnaces, four of which are 80-ton tilting furnaces. There are nine forges with 140 steam hammers, 32,000 sq. metres of machine shops, 74,000 sq. metres of railway material shops, twelve boiler plants to feed 300 steam power engines, six electric power works, and 238 kilometres of private railway track. It takes more than a day to inspect the whole of the Krupp works, from the palatial offices of the directors to the blast furnaces, automatically controlled by a man sitting at a switchboard strangely like a cinema organ; to the printing department, the shops for training apprentices, and back to the Stammhaus, the heart of it all. Many of the shops to-day are strangely silent, many of the furnaces are cold. Many of Krupps men sit at home in the model houses—10,800 men have company houses and there are 108 shops and eleven company restaurants—but when things come right again, as the people in Essen believe they will, this plant could turn out enormous quantities of material, starting with 2,000,000 tons of pig iron, 1,400,000 tons of steel, and 350 locomotives a year as the basic products. The wagon department can turn out 2,500 15-ton goods wagons a year. The output capacity of the mounted wheels department is 120 wheel sets for wagons and twenty-five locomotive wheel sets a day. At Rheinhausen, Krupps have another plant that looks like some weird scene from *Metropolis*. Ten blast furnaces, with a total output capacity of 5,000 tons every twenty-four hours, row upon row of coke ovens—180 of them—a huge by-product plant producing tar and benzole, rolling mills, foundries, and steel shops. At Kiel, Krupps have the famous Germania shipyard, with special yards on the canal producing river craft and eight building berths for ocean-going vessels. In the Krupp works they show you huge steel plates, dented and distorted by the shells that struck them when they were tested on the proving ground. To-day they look weathered and old, standing outside one of the shops, and they are almost the only remaining reminder of the Krupps of 1914. From these steel plates they will take you into the showroom to see delicate surgical instruments made in rustless steel. As my guide explained, "We once destroyed life; now we save it." When Friedrich Krupp came to live in the Stammhaus Germany had not yet become a united nation, and economically she was virtually a non-industrial country. The nation and these great works have seen strange changes since 1822, and Dr. Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach is expecting another change. The thirty companies in which Krupps are interested are ready for it when it comes.

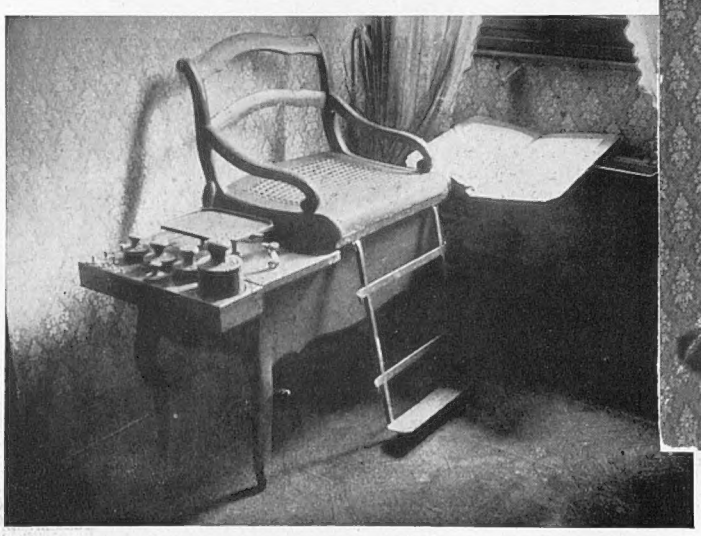


THE HEAD OF THE HOUS Krupp von Bohlen, w last direct male heir, by the French during t theless, despite the lu industry, reorganized t



IN STATU QUO: The original Krupp hou works, which were then but a tiny sh with his wife, his son Alfred, and b ambition — the discovery of the man with debt. The house is preserved i it stood at Krupp

THE WEIGHING MACHINE, in the corner of the sitting-room under a photographic enlargement of Alfred Krupp. On this machine three generations of the family perpetuated a tradition inaugurated by the founder of the firm—that of weighing with precision every visitor to the works. The ledger on the table, to which a stub of pencil is still attached, records the weight of many distinguished Germans



A CLOSE-UP VIEW of the weighing chair and the ledger in which three generations of Krupps recorded with characteristic precision in their own hand-writing the poundage of visitors to the factory

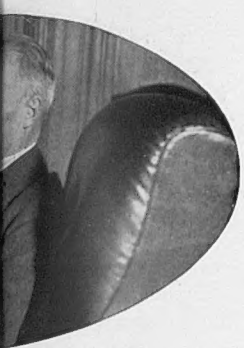
ARES: Krupps Revisited

The Actual and Potential Production of Essen, Now Organized for Pacific Manufacturing

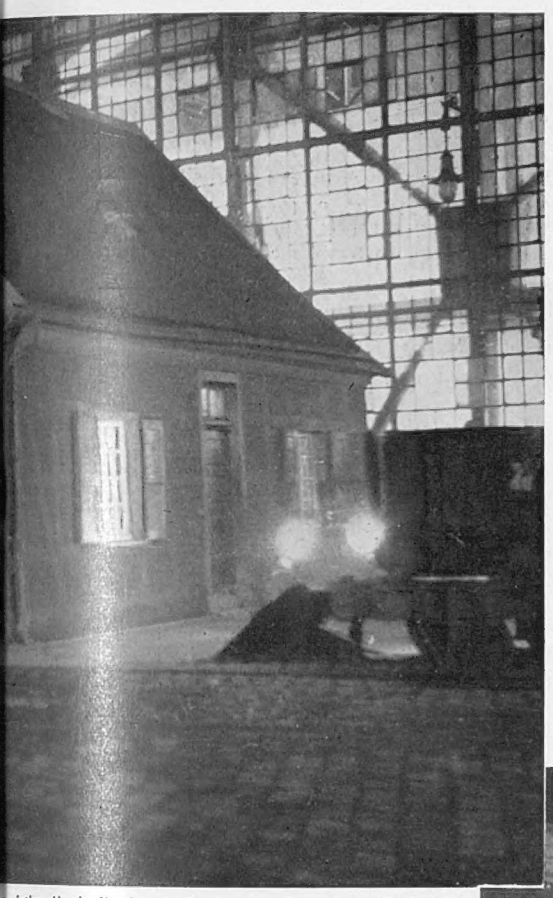
By J. BAKER WHITE

to whom a German Industrialist said a few days ago: "You English people don't know how lucky you are"

Change is the predominant question in the minds of the German people to-day. Talk with the men who sport the red and gold badges of the Communist organizations, they will give you their idea of a change—revolution and a Soviet State from the Pacific to the Rhine. Nazis will give you a different programme, the adoption of a vigorous home and foreign policy, definitely anti-Semite and anti-Soviet in character, and the building of a Fascist Empire. The Republicans desire the complete suppression of both Communists and Fascists, continuance of the present regime and closer co-operation with France. Yet one and all—Reds, Nazis, Republicans, and Steel Helmets—they are convinced not only of the need of a change from the existing state of affairs, but that a change is coming. It may come next Sunday, with the Prussian elections and the election



OF KRUPP: Herr Doctor married the daughter of the was this man who, imprisoned occupation of the Ruhr, never- he was not trained to the steel works for pacific production



originally built, in 1818, for the foreman of the into it, in 1822, the founder of the firm moved daughters, for he had not yet attained his ure of crucible steel—and was overburthened exactly the same condition as that in which death in 1826

of the Nazis as a controlling force in Parliament, or it may come within the next few months. Sitting in the Kaiserhof Hotel in Essen last Friday a prominent German industrialist gave me the point of view of many of his fellow employers. He showed that German industry cannot continue under present conditions without there being a complete economic collapse; that the curse of industrial Germany since the War has been a succession of weak governments acting under a Socialist trade union influence, and that there must be a strong government. That is why not a few of the industrialists look with favour upon the possibility of the Nazis influencing the Government. They do not like Hitler as a man, they do not like the activities of his more extreme followers, but in his party they see the only hope of a strong government and effective suppression of the Communists.

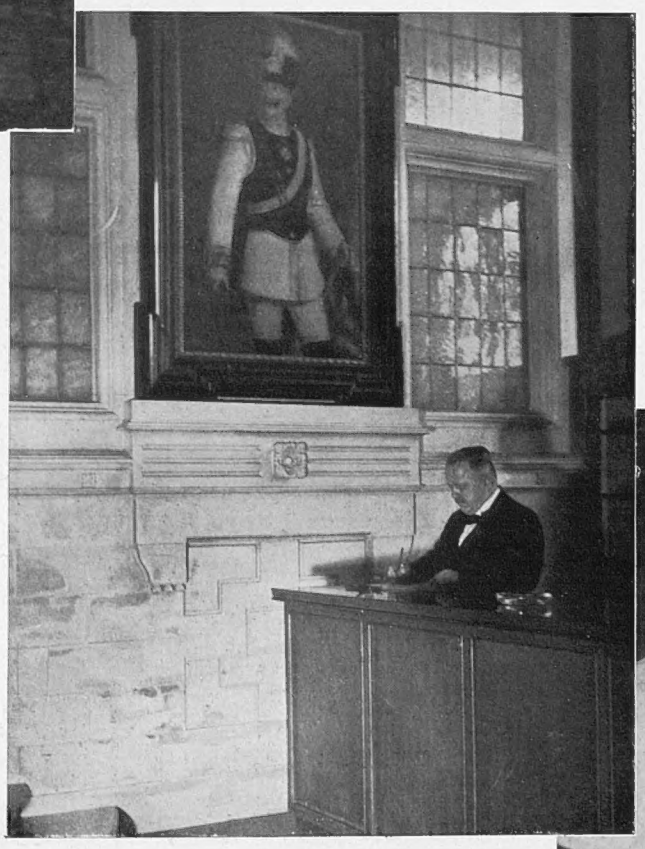
In this complex situation the Nazis and Communists are the most active factors. Motoring from Essen to Münster last Friday one could see evidence of this. In the industrial towns and villages there were many posters, mainly photographs of the Communist Thalmann or Hitler. Nazi swastika badges had been stuck on shop windows, walls decorated with painted Communist slogans. At some of the street corners were groups of young men, probably Communists. On the open road we passed other groups, disbanded Nazi "storm troops." They marched in bands of four or more, still with the badge in their caps, packs on their backs and stout sticks in their hands, ready for attack from members of the illegal Red Front Fighters. Yet in Münster it was difficult to see outward evidence of either economic depression or of the political turmoil. In this town with its twenty-four churches—for it is the stronghold of Roman Catholicism in Western Germany—life seems to flow just as placidly as it does in Exeter or Canterbury or York. Münster is one of the strange contrasts that one is always striking in Germany to-day.

Germany is a paradox. Berlin, capital of an acutely depressed country, is, after London, the greatest amusement centre in Europe. It has over 20,000 restaurants and night clubs, from the huge "House Vaterland" with its seven restaurants and bars, to the exclusive "Jockey." It has in many respects the most highly-developed night life of any city in the world. And it has more Communists in it than any other city except Moscow.

The total strength of the Communist Party in London is under a thousand. In Berlin there are more than three-quarters of a million Communist voters.

Last Saturday we went to the Tabaris in Düsseldorf, the most fashionable resort of the moment. Its circular floor and its terraces were full to capacity with well-dressed, cheerful people. Just round the corner groups of Communists were standing in the alleys outside their headquarters decorated with huge red streamers. In Germany there are 100,000 men in the army and another 100,000 in the police forces. Their business is to keep the peace between the various warring factions; to keep Hitler's 200,000 illegal "storm troops" from attacking the 50,000 equally illegal Red Front Fighters or the Republican Reichsbanner forces, and to keep the Reds from attacking the Steel Helmet members. There are 200,000 official preservers of law and order in Germany, to keep the peace between warring semi-military organizations of over 5,000,000 members. German industry has its back to the wall, yet I did not find a single pessimist among my industrial hosts of last week. There are over 7,000,000 workless in Germany, yet you notice their presence infinitely less than you do in France, where there were hardly any unemployed a year ago. Last year Germany exported more goods than any other nation in the world, but there are well over a hundred ships laid up at Hamburg. Germany has been a Republic for thirteen years now, but a full-length portrait of the Kaiser in field uniform hangs in the hall of the Kaiserhof Hotel in Essen.

It would be unwise to predict the future of Germany, but it is quite certain that it is the youth of the nation who will decide her destiny. Twelve years ago Hitler and six companions laid the foundation of the Nazi Party. Three years later they attempted a revolution, which collapsed like a pricked balloon. The Nazis were an object for mirth, Hitler a nonentity.



THE IMPERIAL TRADITION still persists in Essen and especially in the Krupp family, even now that they have, under the Republic, beaten the sword into the plough-share. The chief hotel in Essen is controlled by the Krupp interests—for Essen is to Krupp what Zlin is to Bat'a. In the hotel one is impressed by the large picture of the ex-Kaiser, who was the patron saint of Essen

To-day the party's policy can command 13,400,000 votes in a presidential election, and Hitler is the favourite of millions. Why? The answer is, youth. Similarly the Republican organization has increased by leaps and bounds. The Reichsbanner, sworn to oppose Nazi Fascism with all its strength, is composed mainly of young men, many of them unemployed trade unionists. The militant section of the K.P.D., the Communist Party, is composed of young men whose aim is to destroy Nazis, Republicans and Steel Helmets alike. Youth is the driving force in all the political parties. Youth is also taking an important part in the direction of German industry, and men attain the higher positions at an earlier age than they do in this country. Many of them have had their commercial training abroad; most of them have visited Britain to study industry. I met one, for example, who had served as an officer in the Prussian Guard, and after the War worked as an ordinary miner in a Kentucky coal mine. To-day he is directing a big colliery, and is at the pithead at 5 a.m. every day. The youth of Germany of both sexes is highly active both mentally and physically. There are innumerable youth organizations, both political and non-political. Physical culture is enormously popular, and almost every town has its stadium. The fate of the nation lies in the hands of the men and women who have been born in the present century.

Germany to-day is seemingly a riddle. Picture Düsseldorf as it was last Saturday. The pavements of this city were thronged with people. Along the Königsallee there was a solid line of parked cars, many of them quite new, most of them American. Salvator, a big restaurant much used by the middle class, was absolutely full. In the Carlton Cheri and the Kristal Palatz the champagne corks were popping. Düsseldorf was living up to its reputation of being one of the gayest cities in Europe to-day. Yet all these people enjoying themselves are in their working lives continually face to face with the other side of the question, the depression in the Ruhr, coal mines working at less than half their capacity. Only about 12,000 men at work in Krupps, as compared with 34,700 in 1925. Since December 1930 a fall in the production of pig iron and crude steel in Germany of over 40 per cent. The reduction of wages in the last month or so, by Government decree; in the coal industry by nearly 10 per cent., in the brewing industry by 12 per cent., in the boot and shoe industry by 15 per cent., and in the chemical by over 14 per cent. Of the 62 millions in Germany about 15 millions more or less dependent on the "dole" or other relief.

Yet there is perhaps an answer to this riddle, and it is not the Communist answer—that while decaying capitalism dances the workers are starving. The answer is that most of those who have money spend it as they get it. They have not forgotten the inflation period, when the savings of years disappeared in the night. Only 1 per cent. of the people in Germany own investments of £5,000, so the people who throng the streets and cafés of Düsseldorf and elsewhere cannot be the idle rich. They are Germany's middle class, who know very accurately how to get maximum value for their money and how to enjoy themselves to the full. They are evidence not of a nation dancing to disaster, but of a nation whose hope in the future is undimmed. Within the last fourteen years they have suffered defeat, revolution, the disaster of inflation,

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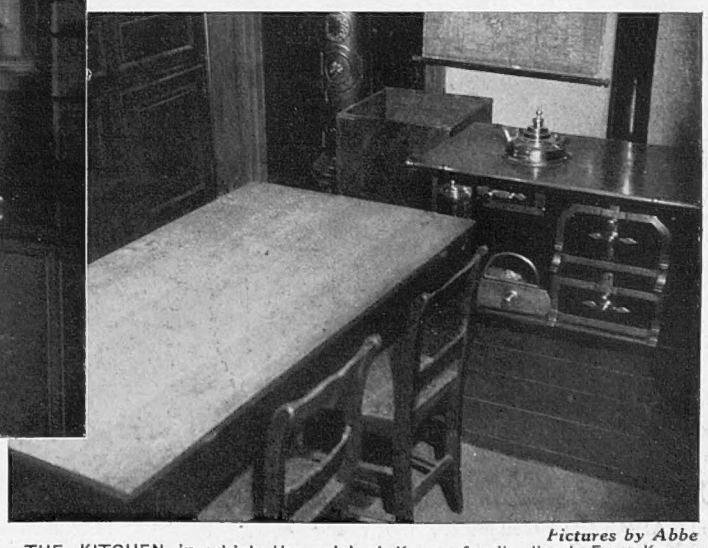


Pictures by Abbe

THE KITCHEN in which the original Krupp family dined, Frau Krupp cooking and the children laying the table. It was used as an office, however, until 1902

HOME NEWS

And Personalities in the Gougouloff Trial in Paris

MERRIE ENGLAND: The Morris dancers give their annual performance on Whit-Monday at Bampton, Oxon, as their several predecessors have done for hundreds of years. The sight recalls the old ballad, "Come Lasses and Lads" —a rhythm hallowed by antiquity

"SIGN PLEASE!" G. P. Hughes signs autographs after his victory at Torquay with Perry in the Doubles against Rumania

THE COACHING SEASON OPENS: The famous Greyhound Stage Coach—the only vehicle of its type making a daily run—left Piccadilly for Hampton Court last Saturday. The picturesque coach, with its equally picturesquely-clad passengers—grey hats, either top or bowlers—are *de rigueur*—is seen above passing through the vernal beauty of Richmond Park

THE STUNT MERCHANT: N. Mishu of Rumania copes as vainly with the English weather as with the English tennis in the Davis Cup Tie at Torquay

THE ASSASSIN: Gougouloff, the slayer of M. Doumer, in a corridor of the Palais de Justice, waiting to be confronted with witnesses of his dastardly crime

CAMOUFLAGE: M. Jean Astakoff, one of the witnesses, hides his face from photographers for fear of reprisals

WITNESSES: Colonel Elii-Sareff and Prince Kebetch Soultan-Guirey, who were interviewed by the examining magistrate

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: M. Henri Geraud (with beard) who has the thankless task of defending the maniacal Russian, interrogating a witness at the Palais de Justice

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

PINCHED BY PROTECTION: A picture from Zlin, Czecho-Slovakia, the town where, when the whistle blows, the 35,000 employees of Tomas Bat'a, the shoe magnate, begin work. It has just been announced that the import of Czech shoes into Britain has fallen from 5,956 dozen pairs in March, '31, to 484 dozen pairs in March, '32, and the total import of all foreign shoes from 29,127 dozen pairs to 4,063 dozen pairs

TRAGEDY AT LYONS: Two buildings at D'Herbouville in the environs of the Gates of Lyons suddenly subsided a few days ago burying some forty victims beneath their ruins. The fire brigade was called out and was assisted by the civil population in its attempted work of rescue

COMMUNIST RIOTS IN SPAIN: Reds chased by the police in the streets of Madrid. As was only to be expected in the present state of Spain, afflicted by world depression and also by the sudden change of Government which has by no means as yet settled down into a real expression of Spanish life, but is still in a state of comparative flux, the Communist element broke out on the traditional date for such uprisings—May 1. Seven fatalities were recorded

"HUSBANDS' HOLIDAY"! Ascension Day in Germany is celebrated by men going off on country excursions, leaving their women folk at home. Coinciding this year with cherry-blossom time, many Berliners made the traditional trip to Werder. Cherry wine adds to the gaiety already engendered by music

THE HALF-CENTURY: The ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm celebrated his fiftieth birthday at his country seat, Cascilienhof, near Potsdam, where he held a reception attended largely by the military caste—still royalist by inclination. Field-Marshal von Mackensen is seen above with the ex-Prince and Princess, while two members of the third generation of Hohenzollerns are seen on the left. There is a strong feeling in well-informed circles—though prophecy is dangerous—that Wilhelm may very easily step into the shoes of Hindenburg (despite his declaration for Hitler last month) when the G.O.M. finally retires

THE SECOND VOTING: Those candidates for the French Chamber of Deputies who, through failure to poll a sufficient majority, were not elected at the General Election stood again. A Frenchman, in the rôle of family man—France is fundamentally the most domestic of nations—is seen above recording his suffrage

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON

ECLIPSING BROADWAY: Piccadilly Circus is now so brilliantly illuminated that the old phrase, "The Great White Way" is more applicable to the "Hub of the Empire" than to the great half-mile of New York from 40th to 50th Streets

With the new illuminations in Piccadilly Circus London is now the brightest and smartest city in the world, as every cosmopolitan who has visited us in the last few days will admit.

This Season less than half a dozen new night clubs have been started in the West End. And that is one of the chief reasons, paradoxically enough, for the undisputed fact that London is now the centre of the world's gaiety. Every year between 1921 and 1931 the merry month of May saw the registration, at the cost of 5s. a time, of twenty or thirty subterranean night clubs in the West End. But that was not the way to make a brighter London. On the contrary. When it came down to brass stair rods—and you always had to descend at least one flight of stairs to these dreary dens—fœtid air and warm champagne were no attraction to foreigners. And yet, owing to English patronage, *faute de mieux* though it was, during the jazz age, the big hotels and restaurants were not able to compete with the mushroom joints which grew in cellars and charged 35s. for a bottle of champagne. The French and Americans, however, who were able to compare these places with the bright lights of Montmartre, sneered at London's "night life," and stayed away. And no wonder. Paris, with its tradition for professional naughtiness, and unhampered by the Puritan conscience of England, did it so much better. To-day, Fleming's, Moon's, the Palais Royal, Brett's, Astor's, the Dutch Oven, the Blue Lagoon, the Manhattan, and Rector's, have vanished. Box-rooms have taken the place of the dance orchestra stands. The cocktail bars have disappeared. The premises in many cases have been disqualified for dancing, and dustbins stand where the cloakroom man used to park your hat and coat.

For the time being, however—and it lasted a decade—the unfair competition of these twopenny-halfpenny joints did not, I repeat, make it worth the while of the respectable restaurateurs to spend money in attracting people. The licensing laws prevented them from selling liquor after 2 a.m. on extension nights, and midnight for the rest of the week. To-day Lord Trenchard and Lord Byng have between them made it worth while to run smart places on a law-abiding basis, despite the flood of bad cheques which descends on every new restaurant. Colonel George Parkinson, who controlled the Grafton Galleries in its palmy days when Paul Whiteman played there, and Prince George and the Prince of Wales visited it night after night, tells me that he lost £50,000 on his enterprise.

"I had more money than sense in those days," he commented.

When Chez Victor was raided and the accounts were read out in court, it was shown that Victor Perosino, the proprietor, was barely reimbursed for his pains. It was presumably because it ultimately did not pay that the Midnight Follies also closed, though for a time it was crowded at 30s. a head. Its death was a great blow to the West End, so few were the really gay spots available. To-day you have the pick of at least thirty restaurants and hotels each of which has an extension night until 2 a.m. and will give you a complete evening's entertainment—more than complete for those who have to be at their offices next morning.

Paris, by contrast, is very nearly dead from the point of view of gaiety. The Grand Ecart has closed. Even the Bœuf sur le Toit is dead. Montparnasse is flat. There are only two places in the whole city where evening dress is compulsory. They are Ciro's, but only on Friday night, and the Ritz. Everywhere else you will see women in evening gowns with men in lounge suits, or both men and women in day clothes. So serious is this that the heads of the champagne industry are petitioning the Government to subsidize half-a-dozen restaurants where evening dress is *de rigueur*. They argue, rightly, that people in evening dress will almost certainly order champagne, but that if they are in day clothes they will never do so.

By the same token champagne in Paris does not begin to compare with the champagne exported to England Paris maîtres d'hôtel are getting quite philosophical about it.

"Go to London if you want a good time," they will tell their clients.

And their clients are taking their advice. This is particularly so with the women. Women like to dress up at night. They are disappointed if they cannot wear their smartest clothes. That is why they are coming in their hundreds now from Le Touquet and Deauville.

Mr. Frank Goldsmith, a director of one of the biggest French hotel companies, has been quoted to me as saying that Paris has been dead for two years, though she did not know it. Now she admits it. And London is reaping the profit. Berlin looked as if she had a chance for a time with her Eldorado, Silhouette, Jockey, Geisha, Johnny's, and the rest. But a series of demoralised night clubs is not enough to attract visitors in bulk. There must be somewhere for them to lunch and dine, somewhere to go racing and to buy jewellery and clothes, somewhere to show off their smart new motor-cars to appreciative people, somewhere for their evening gowns to be admired by their friends. All this London can now supply, and at a rate of exchange more favourable than it has ever been before. Longchamps and Auteuil pale into insignificance when compared with Ascot and Newmarket. In any case, the smartest French dressmakers who are always ahead of the times have already migrated here. Chanel gave a show for ten days at a private house in Grosvenor Square. Molyneux has set up shop here. So have half a dozen others.

If it is possible to crystallize a complete subject into a single comparison, it is only necessary to take a look first at the Ritz in Paris and then at the Ritz in London. For years the Ritz in London—*pace* Lord Lurgan—was a diplomatic mausoleum. An occasional Minister of some small country could be seen walking down its silent corridors. To-day it teems with the Argentines and the Greeks, as well as with smart London. Nothing is so temperamental as the vagaries of High Life. The Ritz in Paris now serves a dinner at 45 francs, and if you are anybody at all, you get a discount of 20 per cent. A year ago your 45 francs would hardly pay for your cucumber. I know, and I have not forgotten.

For various reasons, then, London has become the centre of the gay world. And when, by the end of this Season, she has established this fact, she will maintain this position until she gets so unutterably lazy that the title is taken away from her by Bucharest or Brussels or Berlin, or even Paris again.

At the moment she shows no sign of this. London is being turned into a better and brighter Paris every day. Paris used to have the monopoly of "atmosphere." New restaurants and dance clubs would open decorated like the interior of Zeppelins, mosques, cathedrals, fishing-inns, and with the waiters' dresses in character. There was always some new spot which was *the* place to go to, and people naturally went to it. Mayfair, which is served by the cleverest Italian maîtres d'hôtel in the world, is now following this example, and doing it very much better.

Take Ciro's as an example. Ciro's remained the same for ten years, with genteel orange and green lighting effects, admittedly furbished up every August, but always the same. To-day Ciro's is transformed into *La Boîte aux Matelots*. The waiters wear jerseys. From the glass roof are suspended fishing nets and lobster pots. The balcony is decorated with life-belts. There are even miniature life-belts on the seats of the chairs. A tango orchestra from Paris is perched in an alcove 12 ft. from the ground. Phares, the chanteur from the Boule Noire, whistles and sings French songs through a megaphone at you. The lights are concealed in green melons and other exotic fruits. The lilt of the tango and the tunes from *Le Million* and *A Nous La Liberté* transport one 500 miles from Orange Street.

This is the first of what I prophesy to be a series of such transformations. We shall have Bagdads and Montparnasses and Zanzibars and Jungles, and every

ENGLISH EVENING DRESS IS A CA

AT THE CAFE DE PARIS: Mr. Michael Farmer, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. C. Webb, Miss Gloria Swanson (Mrs. Farmer) and Miss Gertrude Lawrence at one of the brightest and smartest of London's night-life resorts

MAINLY MARINE: Ciro's has been transformed into a "Boite aux Matelots" with a totally new décor and favours to match, while the great "stunt" of the moment is the can-can danced by experts from Paris

A HUMAN STAR: The "Piccadilly Six" from the hotel of that name and in that place caught by the camera at an unusual angle

The English Capital Throned on Top of the World of Pleasure :: By CHARLES GRAVES

other atmosphere that enterprising managers decide upon. The new grill room at Malmaison is going to be like the interior of a Pullman, I am told. In the past we have had half-hearted efforts to reproduce the Casanovas and Kasbeks of Biarritz, Cannes, and Le Touquet in London, with Cossacks and tapestries. But they were not done well. In future you will find that they are all as gay and light as anything on the Continent.

The regular hotels and restaurants are all prinking themselves. Dancing has started again at the Carlton and the Ritz. Claridge's has taken to herself an entire new wing on which many thousands of pounds have been spent. There is a new and lovely ballroom. The suites upstairs almost out-do the Dorchester, which is the most luxurious hotel in the world except for the Castle Harbour Hotel in the West Indies. The Savoy, with its rising floor, which is duplicated only in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs at Cannes, is spending more than twenty thousand a year on its orchestra. The Café de Paris has acquired the services of Marion Harris, whom no restaurant on the Continent could afford. It was only four months ago that Quaglino's was entirely redecorated at the cost of several thousand pounds. Ruth Draper and Alanova have been giving recitals. There is a new band at the Embassy Club.

In a few days' time the floating dance restaurant will be drawing us all to the Thames Embankment. This enterprise of Mr. Clifford Whitley certainly deserves a reference. He has bought the former troopship *Alexandra*, christened her *The Show Boat*, gutted her, and transformed her into a house-boat. The saloons will be decorated blue and brown. There will be orange and white awnings on the dance deck. There are no tiresome drink licences necessary. An excellent kitchen staff, cabaret, and orchestra will be provided. And three times a day she will sail from Westminster Bridge to Galleon's Reach down the river, taking different cargoes of guests for luncheon, dinner, and supper. At night she will be decorated with clusters of fairy lights and, on her debut, a pageant of yachts and house-boats will sail in procession behind her. If that is not unique in the world of gaiety I do not know what is.

A different illustration of the increasing gaiety of London is to be found in Leicester Square. Eight years ago it was a dreary place which only in the recollections of aged provincials should be considered gay. To-day fine new buildings grow up all round it. The Empire, where you see at least twenty "well-knowns" coming out of the last house at midnight, and the new Olympic Theatre, are cases in point. Its lights are bright. And they will grow brighter. Thurston's, of course, will always remain with us. But the other old buildings are all disappearing to make way for new temples of gaiety.

Then look at all the new theatres—the Prince Edward, the Phœnix, the Duchess, the Westminster, the Whitehall, among others; there is also that non-stop revue at the Windmill. As for production, even Berlin cannot compete with *Casanova* or *The Miracle* or *Cavalcade*. The Opera Season has begun again with its tiaras and white ties—the only opera in the world where plus-fours and lounge suits are not in the vast majority. This is a point that cannot be over-emphasized.

Savile Row and Conduit Street, and the tradition of the Englishman to dress at night have brought their due reward to the whole capital. Continental writers have always sniggered at the Englishman who puts on his dinner jacket at night even when, metaphorically, he is in the middle of a desert. But that streak in his character is now producing golden results. Every year £16,000,000 is taken by the smart hotels, restaurants, and the stalls and boxes of the theatres of the West End. This year there will be no diminution, despite the world slump. But for that it might be nearly doubled. In no other city in the world is there a Season of any description this year. Big private dances are totally unknown outside England. In New York there is no gaiety of any description outside the St. Regis Roof, the Central Park Casino, and some of the speak easies. No wonder that foreigners are envious of us, and those who can afford it come and have a good time here.

As I say, there are at least thirty first-class restaurants in London—more than in any other city in the world. Besides the hotel-restaurants and grills of the Ritz, Carlton, Berkeley, Claridge's, Splendide, May Fair, Hyde Park Hotel, Dorchester, and Savoy, there are Quaglino's, Malmaison, Monseigneur, Café de Paris, Boulestin's, and clubs like the Embassy, Ciro's, and Ambassador's; followed by the Royal Palace Hotel, Bellometti's, Chatham Grill, Piccadilly Hotel, the Metropole, Park Lane Hotel, Grosvenor House, Simpson's, and dozens more. Where in Europe could you find better restaurant managers than Peter Aletto, Santorelli, Manetta, the two Ferraros, Louis, John, the two Quaglinos, Sovrani, and Charles? For people who like their amusement in the mass there are the Trocadero, Café Royal, and the Kit Cat. London, in fact, can supply you with everything from the most exquisite *poussin sous cloche* to the best fillet-steak in the world.

Beverley Nichols, just back from Berlin, could count less than a dozen private cars in a whole day there. In Paris they seem to be disappearing with equal speed. On a Thursday morning in London it may take you twenty minutes to drive from the top end of Bond Street to St. James's Square, so many large gleaming private cars are all round you. Bond Street itself has no peer in the world. Unter den Linden is tragic. In Fifth Avenue smart shops are advertising sale after sale "below cost price." The Champs Élysées are not much better off. The Rue Castiglioni now specializes in junk jewellery that no shopkeeper would dare expose for sale in Bond Street.

Mr. Reeves-Smith, the most urbane and knowledgeable man in the hotel and restaurant industry in this country, gives a third reason for the smartness of London—besides the evening dress tradition and the stamping out of the night clubs.

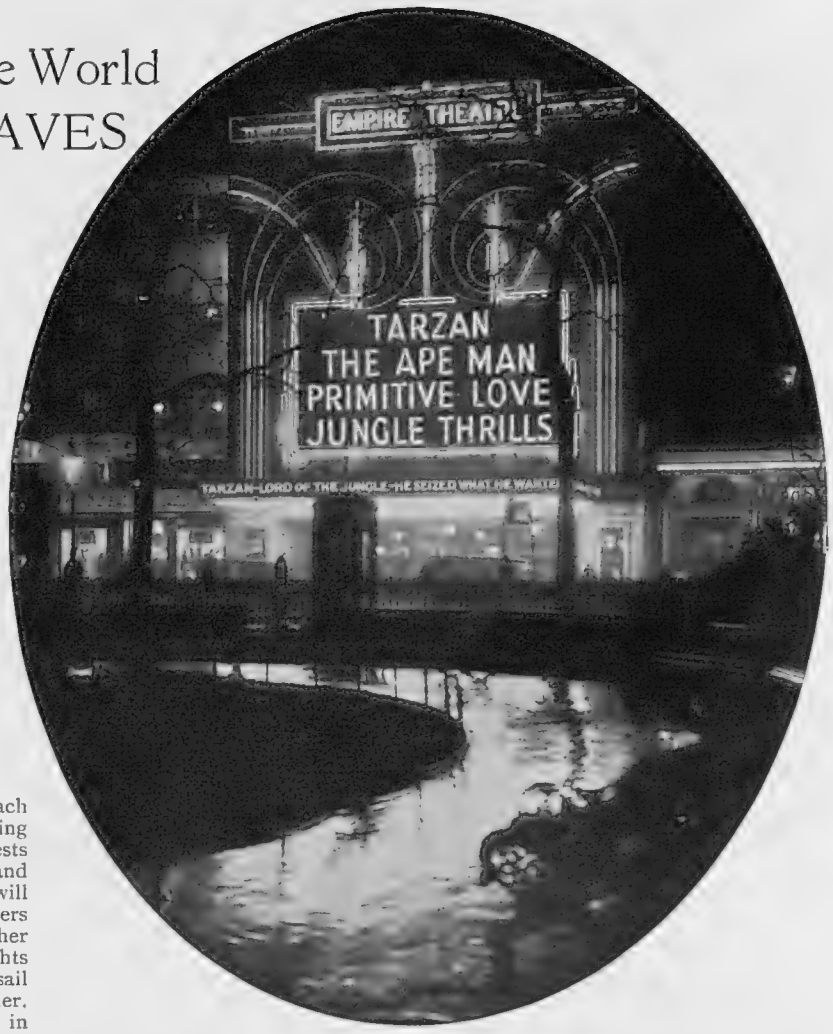
"England," he pointed out, "is the only country where the aristocracy still dines out at night. That gives a tremendous fillip. In France they have long ceased to do it. In any case, the French are not diners-out as a nation. The English and the Germans are the only two who are. And the Germans cannot afford it any more."

It is questionable indeed whether our own aristocracy will be able to do it much longer if death duties and income tax remain at their present fantastic height. But no doubt most of them will continue to "struggle on in luxury until the end," as an elderly peer observed to me the other day.

The English are indeed a remarkable race. They go off the Gold Standard. Prices fall instead of rise, and the Government has to spend a lot of money to prevent the pound rocketting back again before we are ready for it. Four years ago the nucleus of the various smart restaurants, dance clubs and hotels consisted of not more than 3,000 people. Yet new hotels and restaurants have sprung up and all are doing well. The nucleus has increased in some miraculous manner, despite the hard times, to about double that number. Many of the new-comers, it is true, had made their money out of the importing business and are now retiring rapidly into the background again as I pointed out last week. Their places will soon be filled, though, by the heads of manufacturing businesses whose turnovers are being rapidly increased out of all proportion by the "Buy British" campaign, aided by Tariffs. Yes, we may expect many new faces this year and next in the smart places of London. But they will belong to people just as smartly turned-out as ever.

In any case, one may be sure that this year there will be just as many applications for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot as ever. There was no dropping off,

(Continued on p. 326)



THE LIGHTS OF LONDON glow brighter than ever. Gleaming neon illuminations blaze their several messages across the night. This picture shows the fashionable talkie palace whither many "well-knowns" are to be seen making their way for the last house that exits at midnight

DINAL ATTRACTION IN THE CAPITAL

AT THE GARGOYLE CLUB: Lady Patricia Moore, Mr. Waddington, Lady Mary Lygon and Mr. Tennant at a display of fencing which this enterprising bright spot has featured as the latest ancillary to London's amusement

TRIO: Mr. Frank Corbett, Lady Higham and Captain "Bobby" Hartman caught by the camera at the Café de Paris—one of the most dazzling of London's many brilliant resorts which are nightly going from strength to strength

OPERA: Despite world depression, Covent Garden is still holding its Season. The foyer on the opening night (*Die Meistersinger*)

FLY AGARIC: In scarlet and white, this handsome but to humans fatal fungus is common in birch and fir plantations. Amanita muscaria pushes its way into the light with great force

THE DESTROYING ANGEL: The attractive but deadly toadstool whose other picturesque bucolic name is the Death Cup. Its deadly principle, phalline, is a potent poison

EARTH STAR: Geaster fimbriatus, a curious fungus with a spherical fruit in which the spores develop. As a primary rule it is better to eschew all fungus, for some of the poisonous varieties are so like the innocuous species that all but the expert are easily deceived

UGLY BUT HARMLESS: Morchella semilibera shows a curious form in decline. It is non-poisonous

THE HORN OF PLENTY: This is called in Italy the death trumpet, but is, none the less, edible. In form it is not unlike an arum lily

Nature in May—

FUNGUS

Children especially are attracted by the gorgeous colouring and strange shapes of the fungoid growths in fields and woods, sometimes to their detriment; but adults scarcely pause to inspect the extraordinary formations and architectural effects of fungi on wood and in the hedgerows. Maybe suspicions of all peculiar growths have something to do with this neglect of one of the most interesting features of the countryside.

By popular definition "mushrooms" alone are wholesome and nutritious, while "toadstools" are without exception dangerously poisonous. This distinction, however, is unsupported by science. Not a few of the toadstools which flourish in our fields and woodlands may be eaten with perfect impunity. It is true that some of these are flavourless and insipid; but others, when properly cooked, make appetizing dishes in no way inferior to those which are prepared from cultivated mushrooms.

Yet the casual tasting of toadstools with a view to discovering their gastronomic properties cannot be too strongly condemned. Quite recently, three Girl Guides lost their lives through eating the toadstool (amanita phalloides) which country people call the "death cup" or "destroying angel," because in the past it has so often been mistaken for the edible mushroom, always with fatal results. The species is very common, and may be found from the Spring right onward until the frosts of Autumn. Its deadly principle, termed "phalline," ranks among the most potent of all known poisons. Although the usual home of this "death cup" is in the woods, it may sometimes be seen growing close to edible mushrooms in fields, especially near to trees and hedges. The two species, when mature, are very dissimilar, while the dangerous one has a very repellent odour; but it is usually in the young—or "button"—stage, when these differences are less obvious, that mistakes occur.

The fact that a given species of toadstool is eaten by woodland creatures, such as squirrels and rabbits, is no guarantee that it will prove a safe diet for human beings. Some very poisonous kinds—such as the handsome scarlet-and-white fly agaric (amanita muscaria) which is common in our birch and fir plantations—are often nibbled. Helpful information enabling the novice to recognize certain species of toadstools when seen may be gleaned from a booklet, illustrated in colours, which is issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. But it is well to remember that a little learning is apt to prove dangerous: and, until one has learnt to discriminate with absolute certainty between the esculent and poisonous species, the only safe rule is never to eat toadstools at all unless one has been assured of their wholesomeness by an expert.

Toadstools vary greatly in shape and colour, as well as in the situations in which they occur. Among those likely to attract the attention of the amateur Nature student the following may be mentioned: The horn of plenty (craterellus cornucopioides)—or, as the Italians call it, "trombetta di morte"—may often be found under hazel bushes, especially on a clayey soil. It is an elegant vase, or trumpet-shaped species, smoky-black within, grey without. At one time it was sold in Covent Garden Market. The maned inkcap (coprinus commatus)—so named from the shagginess of its hood, or "pileus," and the ink-like fluid which it exudes when crushed—flourishes best in a richly-manured soil, and probably for this reason frequently appears in gardens. In the United States of America, where also it occurs, it is sold in the markets as the "English mushroom." This title, however, clearly belongs either to agaricus campestris (the "common mushroom"), or to its near relation A. arvensis (the "horse mushroom"), both of which grow in meadows. The question "which?" is still debated among botanists. But a considerable weight of evidence suggests that the mushroom cultivated by gardeners is a variety of the latter species—not of A. campestris, as is commonly supposed. The daintily coloured common helvel (helvella crispa) will be seen in plenty under trees and hedges in the autumn, while the quaint "cauliflower" (sparassis crispa)—most often met with in the south of England—usually sprouts from the base of fir trunks. Its colour is pale yellow, and its appearance resembles the heart of a cauliflower. It is edible; and specimens not infrequently attain a weight of several pounds. Truffles, it may be noted, are dark-coloured "toadstools" of subterranean habit, found chiefly in oak and beech woods. The curious earth stars (geaster) are not likely to be overlooked, nor the puff balls (lycoperdon and clavatia), some of the "giant" forms of which grow to be "as big as a child's head."

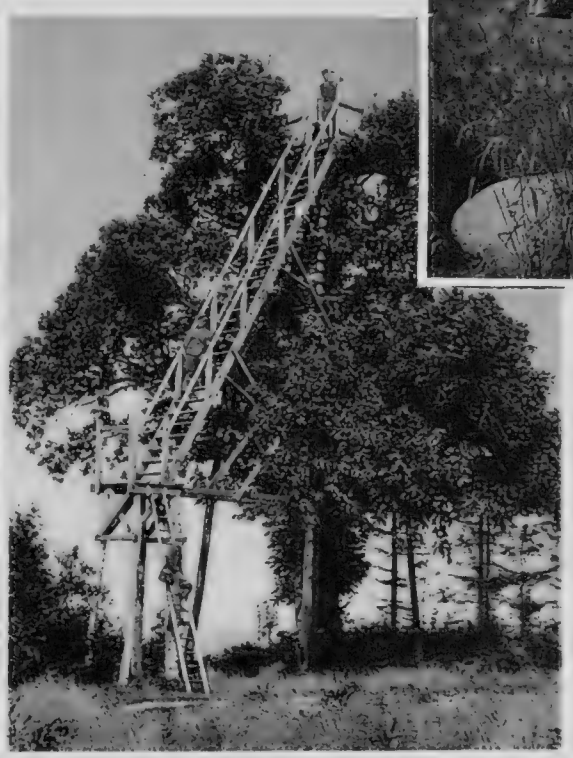
H. B.

"ENGLAND'S green and pleasant land"

A WAITING-ROOM AS A HOSTEL: At Wooler, on the Alnwick-Cornhill line, the station waiting-rooms have been converted by the Northumberland and Tyneside Regional Council of the Youths' Hostel Association into a hikers' rest house. Mr. Hollamby, the station-master (the station is closed to passenger traffic), is seen at the entrance to the Common Room

THAT WISHES MAY COME TRUE: A fair hiker spans the old Wishing Cross at Scalp, Co. Dublin—a tradition akin to kissing the Blarney Stone—on her tramp through the Dublin hills

THE CLOUTIE TREE: Girls tying rags to this erection at Culloden Moor near Inverness—a custom deriving from the time when the sick cast a clout after drinking at the Wishing Well



NO FLAMES ON THE WEATHER QUARTER: One of the look-out posts established in the Forest of Dean by the Forestry Commission. Twenty-five fires have recently occurred in the area

ENGLAND'S OLDEST FERRY is much used by hikers. The old-fashioned boat runs between Cambois and North Seaton across the estuary of the river Wansbeck on the North-east Coast. The ferryman, Mr. Wheatley, hauls the boat across the water single-handed despite the tale of his seventy years, and is quite a character in the district of Blyth—pronounced by yokels in that area of Northumberland *Bilth* with a short "i" as in *pill*. The ancient ferry house station is seen on the right, while the Northumbrian Charon pulls his cargo across the small but otherwise impassable stream by means of overhead ropes

"PUTTING" HER BEST FOOT FORWARD! A young hikeress adopts golfing garb to cover the ground as she strides through England's fairway, although it would seem no hardship in such kit to plough through the rough. This is yet another example of "this freedom"

LINKING TOGETHER TH

IN VIENNA: The Maria Theresa monument in the city whose factories have been stultified by those erected in agricultural communities

Whatever word-camouflage may be essayed in order to sustain our repute as treaty-framers—and in the eyes of none more than that new world which has arrived in the interim, so questing, critical, sceptical, at times derisive—the fact remains that we are on the threshold of trying to reknit the famous old reputed and ridiculed Ramshackle Empire with which Mr. Lloyd George (in particular) made us familiar in days of easy acceptance. In Dual Monarchy days one beheld seventeen different breeds—at least, that was our sorting out of the enemy opposite at the climax of the Italian campaign—which in the main and vehemently wanted to be rid of each other even did their concrete interests fuse into an economic whole. With worthy verve in a demographic masterpiece, by acceding to every long-dreamt dream, by lavishing self-determination we sent these concrete interests flying. We didn't mean to do so, but we did. And now they have got to be brought together again—if man can do it. The idea being: an Economic Empire in room of the Holy Roman one. What was chiefly wrong with this latter, we now see, was not so much its insistence on Croats and Slovaks and heaven-knows-who swopping lives under the sign of St. Stephen as an imperial hangover of Napoleonic tendencies typified by a Berchtold. Materially the ramshackle show was good enough; if it was falling to pieces it was doing so mainly from idealism in attempting to counter which, by soldering and soldiering, its lords split the atom.

I have just been through a goodly portion of the territory which once composed the Habsburg growth of centuries. I thought it might be a good notion to see how these people, who are so worrying us, appeared in themselves to the inquiring eye. And just to show you, at the start, how impossible it is nowadays to keep away from politics and economics, come to be our daily lives, pray watch this. I give you my most vivid moment. Nothing whatever to do with politics or economics. In the fourteenth-century town hall of Prague the guide leads us from chamber to chamber, and admiration is expressed in several languages for the ceilings, the frescoes, the woodwork, German, Magyar, Czech, Serb, one hears, for we are a mixed coach company.

"At this spot were executed, in 1621, the Bohemian nobles after the Battle of the White Mountain."

"And now we shall observe the world-famed astronomical clock."

"We are about to enter the chapel where reposes temporarily the Unknown Soldier."

(A catafalque confronts us, buried away beneath wreaths and banners.)

"He may, of course," resumes the guide, "be of any nationality. It is not known. Czech, Austrian, Hungarian, Slovak. Even Polish or Croat or Slovene."

We glance one at the other.

"Did they not," breaks a German voice, "take special measures to disinter a Czech or a Slovak?"

The guide looked the inquirer up and down. "Battalions were so mixed," he says, moving on.

This inability to know whether friend or enemy lay buried as Prague's Unknown Soldier seemed to symbolize, in its tragic hyphening of them all together, the inherent wrongness of these peoples of the Danube trying to live side by side in boxed-in compartments, as it also reconjured, for one, at any rate, the Paris mentality of 1919. As lofty as the Eiffel Tower, as earthy as the Tiger when, in answer to a Tyrolese petition to join Bavaria, he condemned, "*You shall remain Austrian!*" Not so lightly should the Habsburg inheritance, its responsibility before history, be effaced! Austria should live on, a physical freak for all to see. Well . . . now we've got to try and piece them together again. One day at Trianon fifty million human beings were scattered, Europe's second largest Power superficially and third so in population. (Not a suggestion in all this, I hope, of being wise after the event. People being articulate about the economic consequences of the peace were, in 1919, just about as rare as salmon in the Sahara. It has taken us thirteen experimental years, which should live, to lead us subduedly to Lausanne.)

I entered Austria by the Alpine road to lovely Villach. I had come up from Genoa via Milan and Venice and was pained to note that most of the 350 miles in Northern Italy is now ribbon-built, astonishing phenomenon. On the way up to the Austrian frontier, every townlet showed crowds before a loud-speaker. Intrigued, I stopped at Conegliano and listened to a running commentary of Austria v. Italy (Association) being played that afternoon in Vienna (Austria won, 2—0, by the way, and when I got to Vienna later, the papers were still headlining as had they won the War). Conegliano, fourteen years before, was bloody battle between the teams' fathers. At the Austrian Customs one has to declare how much money, foreign or native, is in one's possession and this is entered on one's passport, the purpose being the defence of the schilling, rendered necessary by the Government maintaining an artificial value one-fifth too high. I am not going into it. Too dull, too difficult. Enough that in Austria now you may spend as many schillinge as you please, but that is about all you can do with currency, come this from any land.

When I departed Praguewards, I had to wait three hours in a queue at the Vienna National Bank in order to purchase 50 schillinge worth of Czech crowns. I had to have these because the Czechs, I knew, wouldn't look at Austrian schillinge at all, and I was motoring, and would need some crowns on the way. In order to secure the measly 50 schillinge worth, I literally had to go to confession to a bank official. So let intending visitors take heed and learn about things or they'll get into a jolly fix. This currency side dominates travel in Central Europe to-day, as it is also symptomatic of the whole wretched muddle, these close neighbours turning each other's coin down and not enabling you to do a thing with pound, franc, or dollar. We intend advocating a common monetary system, and about time someone did.

The Upper Austrians of Villach had good cheer and a good table, and the bill for dinner, room, breakfast, and garage coming to 6s. 6d., a first impression could easily be that the distress was muchly tosh. The fact is it all depends where you go. In this glorious Heimwehr country onwards to Klagenfurt and Judenborg, there may have been a certain listlessness evident by the wayside, but the only distress signal came from unceasing hikers of the highway, Austria's unemployed, uniquely comporting themselves. Austria has 400,000 workless in a 6½ million population. Half are in or about Vienna. A fair proportion of the remainder must spend their time tramping up and down the country, winning a night's rest or a meal with a "Grüss Gott" as they go. Where work offers, there they remain. When it terminates, on with the rucksack. You must remember we are in the land of rucksacks. That the workless, young and old, of both sexes, should take to the road was but natural.

Incidentally, they posed rather a stiff problem for me. They didn't seem to mind my béret or the "F" on my car; they hailed me just the same; women as well wanted lifts; nor did it seem to matter in which direction. Three reasons dissuaded me. Came an accident, my insurance wouldn't cover them. There are such things as the blackmailing of lift-givers. The commonest form of crime in Austria to-day is the Raubmord—murder for robbery.

After the innkeeper at Judenborg had served me a scrumptious lunch for half-a-crown, I boldly asked about the distress. The upshot was I branched off to Steyr.

Steyr, one-time aristocrat of motor and arms manufacture, is not unlike a Nürnberg toytown. On entry, I forgetfully fidgeted with sparking plugs and soon was surrounded by a score of idlers who had probably fashioned wondrous cars in their day. Of 22,000 inhabitants, one half are without resources of any kind. Less than 1,500 now find employment in the factories, mostly upkeep personnel. The streets are overrun with child beggars, and in order to maintain derelicts who can no longer be given shelter or nourishment the municipality has decreed an official begging day, Friday, when everybody who has anything prepares to give to hundreds crowding in, chiefly from the abject hut settlements—sometimes a dozen to a room and T. B. rife—of Steyrdorf and Joseph-Lazaret.

I went out and remember nothing like it since the typhus-abandoned Galician villages of early 'fifteen (that young mother sitting on a chair, breathing rapidly to death with a child on either knee). Yet perhaps what drove home most in Steyr were the naked or ragged feet which made one think of Bat'a's millions of overproduced footwear, but a few hours away (what *can* be wrong with this world? Here's a long shot: Mental Armaments, Machines, Lack of Silver). You see notices up, "Part of Bed to Let." All quadrupeds are eaten. Coffee is boiled six times over—and they stoke it into tenders into Brazil. Steyr in winter, shivering abed in hunger . . . but onward to another side of the story.

Vienna is the Socialist citadel of the Continent. For a dozen years the "Austro-Marxists" have held the fort whether Bolshevism came to Buda or to Munich, or Fascism thrust elsewhere. I am not going to write politics, but the whole story of Vienna hinges on her voting hue. It is rather difficult to bear out the popular belief that Vienna has taken the biggest knock of them all. I spent a morning out at the Karl Marx Hof on the Margaret Gurtel. It is the new-old story of the beaten lands having got away with murder on the sly in the way of donating themselves with social benefits which would make our workmen's mouths water.

The Marx Hof, an immense, red, fortress-like affair housing 5,000 tenants in 1,300 dwellings, is what they call in Vienna "verbaut." There's great joking in Vienna about that word—that is, the Socialists hold their sides with mirth—because "verbaut" means that nobody has paid *at all* for some of these proletarian strongholds, with their sweeping gardens and approaches, their co-operatives, their provocative names, their theatres and libraries (Marx only in each), their birth control clinics within the precincts, direct light and air and central heating, laundries and bathing establishments, and gardens a joy of flowers now and children romping in them, and rents of 17s. a month per four-roomed flat.

REVELRY IN VIENNA is by no means dead although there is a great deal of distress in the city. The people sit at cafés all day eating one cake every four hours

THE CRYPT OF KINGS: The vault below the Capuc... Habsburgs take their last rest. Here lie ... Franz Josef, Rudolf of Mayerling fame, and a nic... ill-starred stock, Karl. Whether other Habsburgs ... say. This picture and that above are symbolic ... *Gemüthlichkeit* upon the grave of ...

E RAMSHACKLE EMPIRE

The Habsburg Jumble Had More to Recommend it than the Present Economic Morass on the Banks of the River of Suicide

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Don't ask me how the thing—the "verbaut"—is done. I might be able to explain, but 'twould be a winding tale. Just believe that the two jokes of Vienna are "verbaut" and "deficit." In the Theater an der Wien the most popular song in *Teufelsreiter* is "Deficit," and that fetches the non-working class also. Nobody expects anything to balance in Vienna any longer. Someone else will pay, not you. I dined one night with people who have paid. My host served at table in a suicidal furnished room. But with what grace do these trampled Viennese wear their distress! None of your Berlin bitterness. My hostess told me she did petit-point bag covers at 1d. an hour. Then we went on to *White Horse Inn*, and mercurial Austria on either side of me might have won a dozen wars.

Interpolation: I know my juniors have thought, "Jolly good thing, the Karl Marx Hof." That is not in dispute. The point is that 55,000 of these dwellings have appeared so far at a cost of £22,000,000, which we others have indirectly found, and that building still goes on. The point is that there's a plus side to Vienna as well as a minus, and I imagine that holds throughout the Danubian lands into which money has been poured. Admittedly the Powers sought high interest. Well, they've probably lost the whole blinking lot, and the point for Lausanne now is that the day of palliative loans has gone—frozen.

People have asked how these Danubians get their fun now, if any. They certainly get fun. Necessity being what we know it is, they go in for everything that costs nothing, or very little. Just now, I suspect, they are lying out in mass in the sun or beginning to splash in the Danube. Coming through Austria, you pass whole hillsides dotted with bathing boxes. Sun cabins they are, where people may pass months spending nought save for food and beer, and one can go a long way on a fiver like that. One element of the young goes in for a rare amount of study. In Vienna, the habit is to sit in cafés all day long reading papers and, perhaps, a coffee or a cream tart every three or four hours. That also doesn't mount up, if fatten it must. There's no lethargy like current Vienna which once could get about and now can't.

Not so innocent a side of social inactivity is to be gauged from that excellent informant, the newspaper file. What a morality the pages tell! Raubmords, suicides, smuggling, swindling, bankruptcies—the big five of the headlines, day after day. The smuggling of schillinge, chiefly to Holland and Switzerland, has led to a police museum of contraptions taken off transgressors at the frontier. Prominent are a soutien-gorge guaranteed to conceal 80,000 schillinge in notes and hollow shoe-heels—nice and high—from which 10,000 in currency were removed off a girl secretary operating for her boss.

Another day I visited a "black bourse" in a side street where illicit deals in currency obtain under secret signs and passwords (the Stock Exchange has long been closed). In point of fact general morality is at a low ebb. Also, one detects in Danubia—a good name for the crowd—a semi-insolent, "others are going phut, too, so why worry about anything meanwhile?"

Church in Vienna where the sarcophagi of Maria Theresa, ready for the last ruler of that rest there only the future can Vienna—a city still dancing with former greatness

My last of Vienna was the 10th anniversary of the hapless Karl's death at Funchal. I went down into the Capucin vault and moved among 300 Habsburg sarcophagi before I found the chapel devoted to Karl pending the return of his body. A life-size painting on the wall, wreaths and banners, an altar close at hand where Mass is said each morning. They say Zita has stood where I stood. I thought of her. And then I sought these three most tragic coffins ever united: old Franz Josef, his stabbed, neurotic Empress, and the son of her body and spirit. Perhaps a little tall, Rudolph being watched over by Religion. "Beten wir," said the conducting monk, indicating the coffin of the lover of Mayerling. I know Kati Schratt, intimate of Franz Josef's for a generation. She still lives. I got her villa at Beaulieu out of sequestration in 1922. Mayerling hardly mystifies me. Rudolph took life with both hands, had imagination, loathed the Hofburg as fiercely as his mother. Vetsera took him from coarse living. He promised his father to break; he broke his word. Rudolph was gripped by what he had done—let down the Habsburg name. And he couldn't say "adieu." The double death agreement was taken on the spur of the moment. I don't think you'll find that far wrong.

Begging a few pengoes, five hours of good road brought me to Budapest. "You could lie down in the road in front of the Dunapalota," a friend had advised, "and nothing would go over you." I didn't lie down, but hardly a vehicle passed. There was something pathetic in the way a white-armed policeman clockworked practically non-existent traffic. The "Queen of the Danube" languishes. This mutilated land—of the 10,000,000 of other nationals made over to the Succession States (in self-determination) Hungary contributed most—this land wants any Danube plan that will oil the cogs again since she stands to gain greatly as a forwarding nation in all directions.

I was told her landed gentry, 2,000 of whom still dominate the countryside, have behaved shabbily, exporting capital. Hungary, as Poland used to, lacks that stand-by in hard times, a middle-class. The Jews do the business. On either side, rentier and peasant. Nasty stories are recapitulated from the stagnant Hungarian Plain, swamped by Soviet corn. One hears of starving peasantry beginning to sharpen their scythes against the aristos, even as elsewhere in 1792. There is only charity for great unemployment in the towns. The very low prices ruling—a goose for sixpence—consequent on the lack of a market for agricultural produce, has caused Horthy to arm strongly the police, prolonged distress and bitter discontent inevitably breeding one thing some time. But this Hungary must give if she is to receive.

I went over one morning to the Pest side of that river of record suicide, the Blue (grey) Danube. Post-war factory chimneys rose above me. Natural agricultural lands simply must be de-industrialized. Hungary has no business with these chimneys which aid the ruin of really industrial Vienna, once producer for the whole lot. The removal of these chimneys will mean further loss of capital. That cannot be helped. These Danubian peoples, freely implemented to churn out goods of which their neighbours have a surfeit from their own sources, must attempt to return to something approaching the economic rôle each was separately fulfilling before the upheaval.

Council of perfection? Maybe. But what, really, can be done in a world of small peoples whose units have freely abandoned the rôles they once individually played in the body corporate, to assume new and artificial capacities precluding a resumption of neighbourly economic life? Ah, that old Ramshackle Empire! If only its lords had not lusted! If only!

Perhaps the matter just raised is second only in importance to getting down the idiotic tariff walls these Danubians have erected, "walling themselves in their separate pens," to misquote Winston.

One gathered that a rather sinister Budapest society has arisen in room of the old. This latter looks down disdainfully from its musty Buda palaces and, if it ventures forth, usually heads for the Park Club, where portraits of the two war-waging Kaisers still hang with honour. Or it may condescend to grace the far-famed pâtisserie, Gerbeaud. The Kevacz and the Ungaria restaurants it spurns or can't afford or both. I was taken to one of the few places unravaged by saxophones, Ketter in the democratic quarter, and there goulash was served and Tokay later, the while a violinist operated in the centre of the cellar.

The talk was all of a real Lehár romance, the elopement of a young Baroness with a jazz-bander. I loved their names—Margit and Tabor. I was forgetting about the queer new social parvenu. It spends most of the day and night at baccarat in private clubs from which scandals break loose periodically. Whence do these people get their pengoes with which to gamble? They may be delving down and down in a sort of end-of-the-world recklessness . . . I don't know.

Whether young Otto returns to Hungary or not is now beginning to recede as a vital question. The country may be monarchist all right, but the economic factor, the sheer process of carrying on once more is blotting out most things. As well it might. Having kings and colour and irredentism and a savagely defended past is all very beautiful and romantic, but somehow it doesn't seem to matter as much now as the necessity of connecting up with one's neighbour again to the best mutual profit, and no matter if that neighbour scuppered all one's ancestors.

KING DE JURE BUT NOT DE FACTO: Otto of Habsburg who, it is possible, may yet ascend the throne of St. Stephen in Buda

I did not go to Jugoslavia, where unemployment is 52 per cent. up on a year ago, nor to Rumania. I headed north again to Prague, drinking in the rare wisdom of *boots, boots, boots, boots* at Bat'a's, at Zlin, on the way.

Czech prosperity has come to a full stop. Dizzy deficits instead. Transport is always a good index. The railways have gone back £9,000,000 in two years, and the Spanish plan of pensioning off personnel rather than continue letting them tour the country in empty trains, is now being adopted. Taxes have just been jacked up sky-high, notably a 50 per cent. "Bat'a tax" on all big enterprises selling direct from their own stores. Czecho-Slovakia stands smitten by the machine, and knows she has wheedled her last loan from France, bayonet or no bayonet.

What Americans these Czechs are, to be sure! Here's a gem: "The unfavourable effect of machine-rationalization methods upon employment of labour shows itself not so much in the number of men employed as in the shortening of time necessary to complete a building." That, in mitigation of running up skyscrapers in two months.

Prague, as city, has a right to be proud. Goethe's "melody in stone" is now a right royal capital of a million. The sleepy old Bohemian town where strutted an Austrian garrison for 300 years has the palaces of Vienna, the gardens of Dresden, the ghetto of Cracow—no, not quite that, since so much of this has been pulled, or probably torn down. Happily there survives a Jewish cemetery, haunted by the Golem, with its jagged tombstones all crushed pell-mell together and tilting crazily with age. Visitors from the Bronx love this background for Kodak work.

And then there is the wonderful Burg perched on high, and where lives that fine old citizen, Masaryk. On alternate days a French, Italian, and Russian Legionary mounts guard—relic of that Czech Legion of which Baerlein wrote so vividly. (I hope the President chooses his White Russians carefully).

Everything is "Masaryk" in Prague, including the city's proudest feat, "The Masaryk Works," an immense dwelling citadel *not* "verbaut." The city has endless arcades in which are first-class cinemas and cafeterias offering delicious piled-up things on bread, and for a bagatelle, sometimes caviar, salmon, egg, tomato, in pyramid. And music is eternal in vast cafés which, however, are always on the first floor, the rapid Paris pavement pursuit of a passante thereby being ruled out.

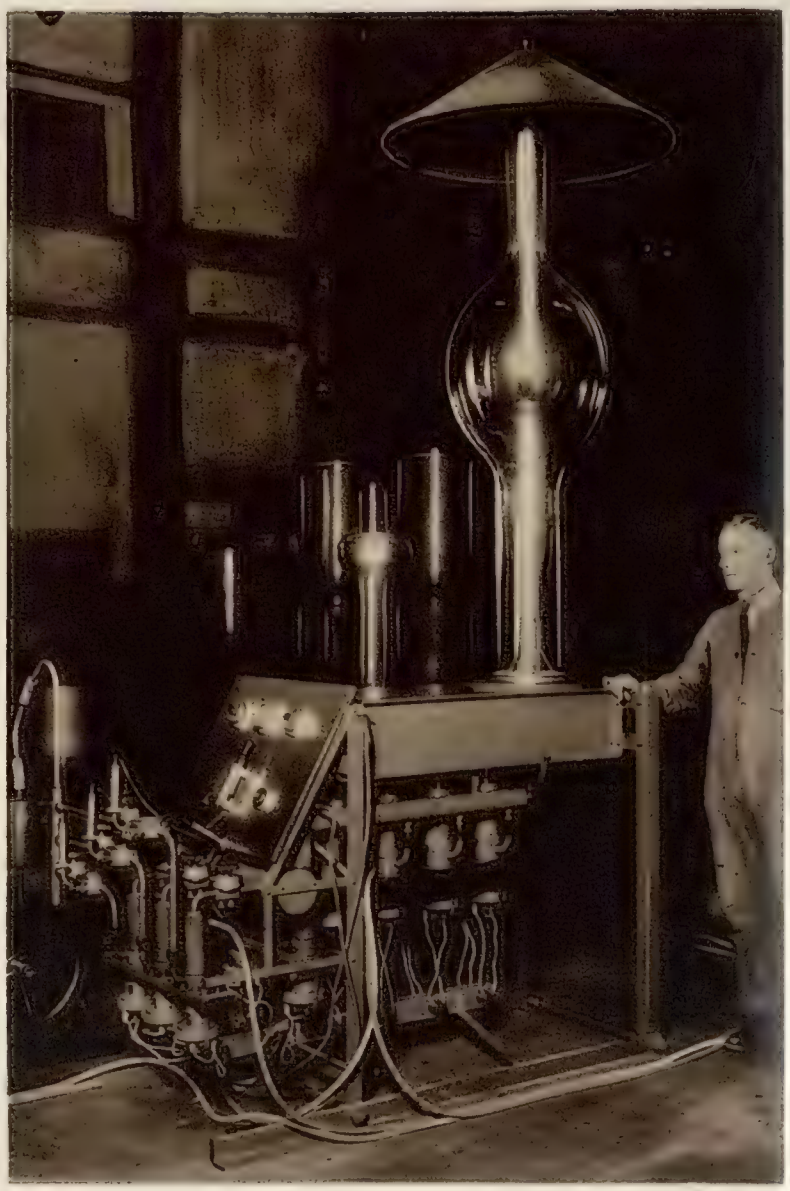
I drove westward once more through Slovakia (an amber luncheon at Pilsen) over atrocious mountain roads deep in slushy snow; and was impressed to find the German language taking hold officially long before the Bavarian frontier. There are 3,000,000 Germans living under Czechs, one-fifth of the country. The German roads, on short term loans, are flawless. And car-less. A last night at Nürnberg, where I fell in with a "Stimmungs Abend" at the Drei Koenige—implying a Bavarian orchestra in shorts and feathers fiddling and singing and trumpeting all the old favourites of the country, while a crimson and expanded company chorused in, and beer mugs were never left a minute empty. Gazing round that brasserie, Germany never lost any war!

Next day in Strasbourg they weren't half so hearty.

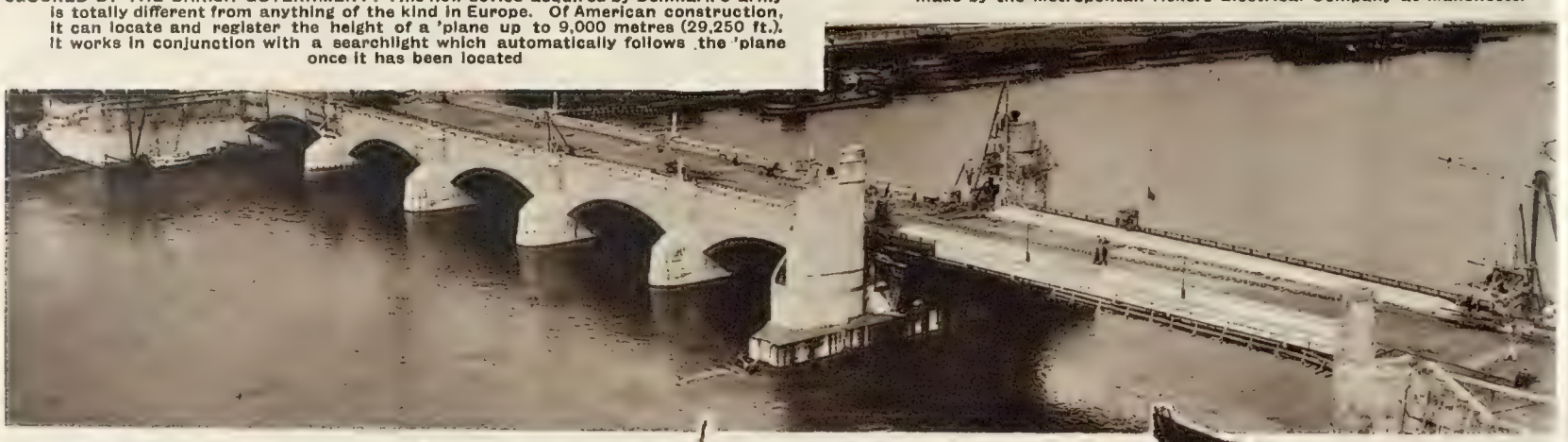
AN ANTI-BOMBING LISTENER

And the Atom-Bombing Apparatus

SECURED BY THE DANISH GOVERNMENT: This new device acquired by Denmark's army is totally different from anything of the kind in Europe. Of American construction, it can locate and register the height of a 'plane up to 9,000 metres (29,250 ft.). It works in conjunction with a searchlight which automatically follows the 'plane once it has been located



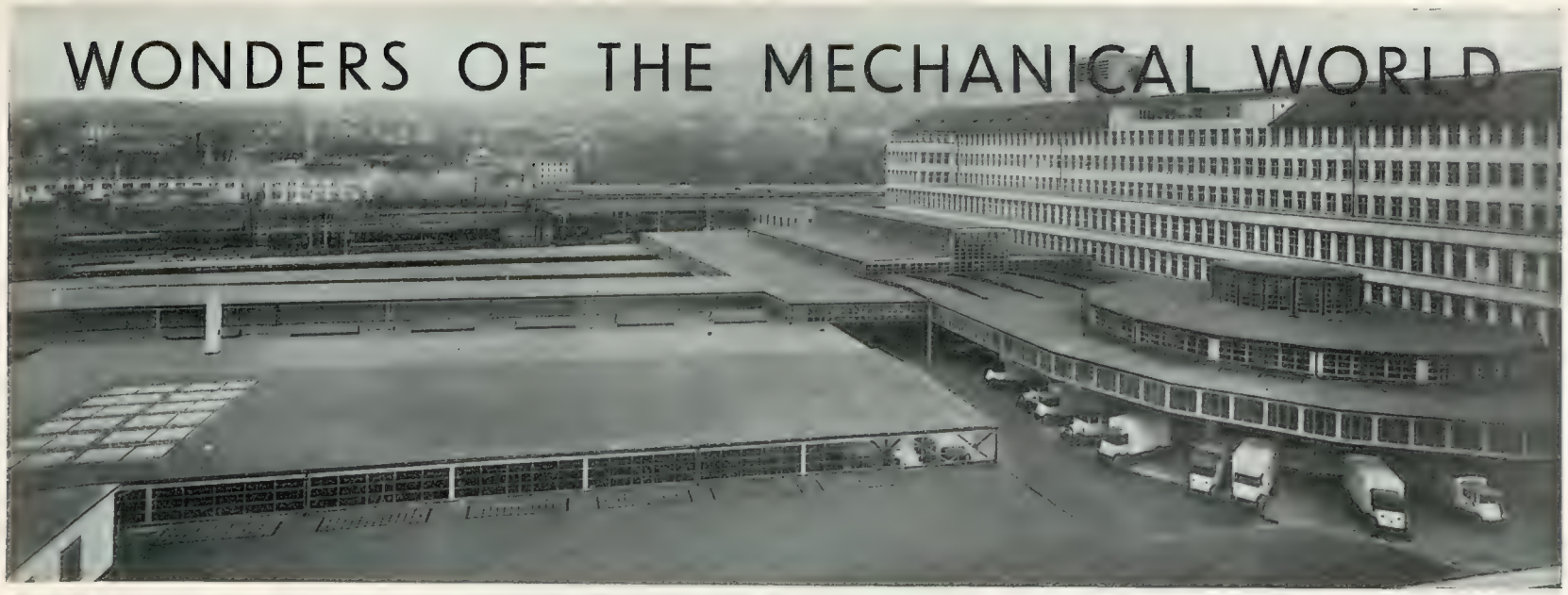
FOR ATOM-SPLITTING: The apparatus wherewith Drs. J. D. Cockroft and E. T. S. Walton, working under the direction of Lord Rutherford, conducted the recent atom-splitting experiments at the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. The apparatus consists of a one million volt vacuum discharge tube, made by the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company at Manchester



THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER MAAS AT MAASTRICHT: An interesting aerial view of the bridge named for the Queen of the Netherlands, the Wilhelmina Bridge. It has been so constructed that, while fulfilling the needs of a modern roadway, it harmonizes admirably with its surroundings. It was opened last month by the Minister President, Jhr. Ch. Ruijs de Beerenbroeck

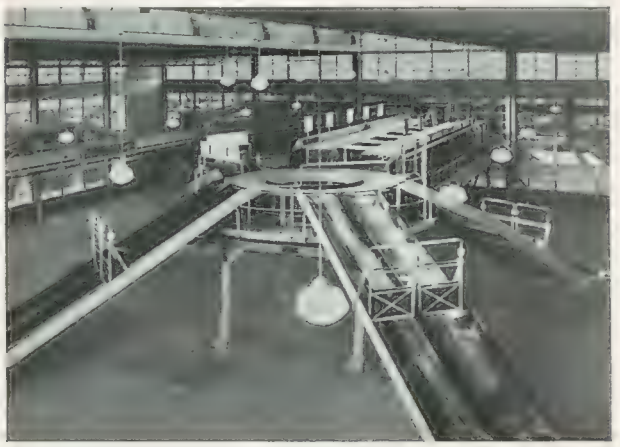
THE BANGKOK MEMORIAL ROAD BRIDGE: The gigantic structure, built to commemorate the 150th anniversary of his dynasty, was opened last month by the King of Siam. The contract for the work was secured in the face of international competition by a British firm, Messrs. Dorman Long and Co., Ltd., who completed the task in eighteen months—four and a half months ahead of scheduled time. The designs were prepared by the firm in their own offices. The bridge, which crosses the River Chow Phya, and links up the richer with the poorer end of the capital, is 754 ft. in length, with a central double bascule opening span which gives a clear passage of approximately 200 ft. It consists of a roadway 33 ft. wide and two footways each 8½ ft. wide—a total width of 50 ft.

WONDERS OF THE MECHANICAL WORLD

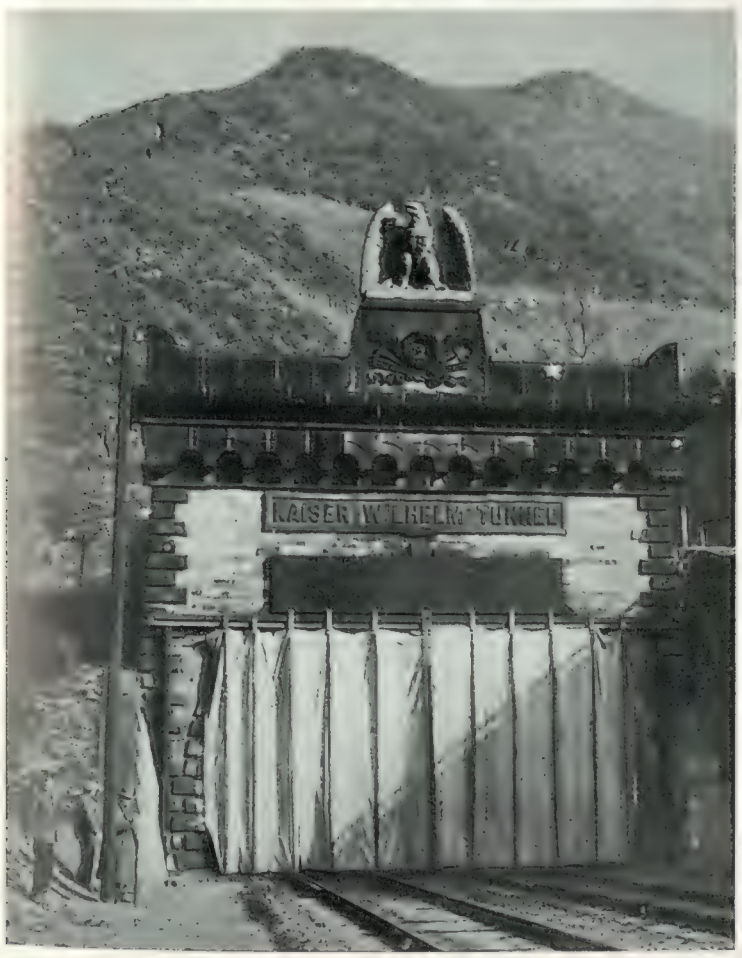


THE LETTER DESPATCH OFFICE: In the left foreground is the letter-box emptier; in the foreground the facing tables and the stamping machines; on the ceiling the chain-conveyor with dipping platforms

POST OFFICE DE LUXE: The new head office at Zurich, with its annexes, garage, and postal railway station, looks rather like a racecourse than a post office



THE PARCEL DESPATCH OFFICE: The belt-conveyors and the sorting device—recalling the scenes in a "A Nous la Liberté"—of the Zurich Post Office



THE CURTAINED TUNNEL: At the southern entrance to the Kochem tunnel, Moselle, where huge ventilators are installed to drive out the smoke. This view shows the Ellerer entrance, surmounted with the obsolete Imperial Eagle, to the tunnel before which a curtain hangs

CHANGING RAILS in the longest tunnel in Germany—that near Kochem, in Moselle. The new rails are laid every four years—a considerable task in view of the fact that the tunnel is 8½ kilometres (5 miles) long and every bit of the work has to be carried out by night. The tunnel's ventilation requires the use of special fans and curtains

THE UNKNOWN ACHANGS

ACHANG CHINESE WOMEN whose costumes are a curious compound of shoddy and exquisite workmanship. A three-quarter tunic of blue homespun is worn over trousers. The head-dress is removed at night.

THE DOUBLE TURBAN worn by the Achang Chinese women is about twice the height of a conventional Occidental silk hat, but the wearers carry it on their head even when doing hard agricultural work

THE BACK VIEW of an Achang Chinese showing the beautifully embroidered belt and the top of her curious and characteristic turban which is made of false hair

CROWNED WITH CHARACTERISTIC HEAD-DRESSES, the Achang Chinese women form impressive figures. The men of this tribe of Western Yunnan are skilful smiths

THE BAZAAR: An unusual picture from the East. The clasping of the waist shown by the two children never occurs among the Chinese, whose etiquette is stilted to formality; but among some of the hill tribes—as the Achangs—such gestures are not curtailed by the rigid conventionalism of the Confucian civilization

If you were to meet a woman belonging to the Achangs tribe in London or New York, you would rub your eyes and think that you were dreaming or that someone had thought of a fantastically mad costume for a masquerade.

The Achangs inhabit the little valley of Meng Sa, in a corner of south-western Yunnan which borders on Burma. They are not to be found elsewhere, and only three or four Europeans have ever seen them or been able to visit this inaccessible spot which can be reached only by riding for many days along rough footpaths unfit for any wheeled vehicle.

The valley is split up into two little States ruled over by two Shan-Chinese chiefs who are under the orders of the Chinese Republic.

Originally the Achangs were animists, and evidences of their belief in the spirits of Nature are to be observed all through the valley. Little white paper flags flutter under trees, by streams, and in the rice fields, and T-shaped stone altars are dotted about everywhere.

It is thought that the tribe, once much more numerous than to-day, migrated south to this spot two or three thousand years ago, and that they are of Tibetan (Mongolian) origin and akin to the Burmese. All save the inhabitants of this corner of Yunnan have adopted the dress, habits, customs, and Buddhism of the Shans, and are gradually being entirely absorbed by them.

The dress of the Achang-Chinese women is extremely quaint. The first thing that strikes you about it is the enormous turban which surrounds their faces like an immense dark blue halo. Long, tight trousers and a jumper reaching half-way to the knees made of dark blue homespun, belted with a wide piece of material beautifully embroidered at the back, completes the costume. Every woman wears a silver chatelaine consisting of many chains at the ends of which hang scissors and other implements, silver necklaces, silver bracelets, and elaborate silver ear-rings. They usually go barefoot, but occasionally embroidered shoes are worn.

The back view of the turban is surprising, for right in the middle is a disc as large as a soup plate covered with smooth bands of black hair, while round the outside of this a wide rim of silver filigree is pinned on. We asked if the women slept in these erections, but were informed that they lifted them off in bulk at night. In this most unsuitable costume they do heavy manual work, their chains jingling as they walk.

The men of the tribe dress in a short coat and wide trousers of blue homespun, and a turban of the same material or a huge straw hat. All the male inhabitants of Yunnan—Chinese, Shans, Lisus, and other races—have adopted this simple costume.

When I was there nearly every woman as she walked about was embroidering either a belt or a pair of shoes. It was odd to see such good work in such an outlandish place, and we wondered how the art had penetrated to this unknown spot. No doubt it is due to Chinese influence. The elaborate designs were cut out of paper and pasted on to coloured materials. These patterns were then outlined in chain stitch in white thread. The centre was eventually filled in with different colours. Each belt or pair of shoes was of a different design and colour, great originality being shown and the colourings tastefully blended.

The girls had a great sense of humour, and if one could be persuaded to pose for her picture, the rest looked on and roared with laughter. One pretty little girl, who appeared to be about fourteen years of age, attracted our attention. Her complexion was a pale olive tint, her mouth a perfect Cupid's bow. Her wide-open tilted eyes grew large with wonder as she gazed at us. Her tiny waist was encircled by a smart belt tied in front, and with the usual coloured embroidered piece at the back. In her large turban she had tucked a posy of white jasmine. Her beautifully-shaped feet were unshod, and her mouth unspoilt by betel nut juice. As pretty a maiden as you would see in any part of the world.

B. C.

ORDEAL by FIRE

Feverish excitement pervades the atmosphere though the date is yet three weeks distant. The long, bare, regular, hideous coolie "lines" on either side of the main estate road ring with the sound of beating tomtoms and animated conversation till late every night; chanting voices raised in melancholy song reach the peace of my bungalow. The approaching festival induces a spirit of religious fervour among the Tamil men and women of my little community and is evidenced by the numerous visits paid by worshippers to the crude estate temple usually deserted.

The names of those who will walk through the fire are already known and reverenced. The individuals are pointed out to me: youths, mature men, decrepit old men, they are a strange medley. All men. Women do not take an active part in the ceremony. At the most, they will be sprinkled with a handful of glowing embers as they squat at the edge of the fire-hole.

The dawn of the great day breaks.

At ten o'clock I stroll round to the temple. A score or so of men have been working actively since dawn with already tangible results. A hole or trough about eighteen feet long and eight feet wide had been dug to a depth of two and a half feet. A great pile of firewood rears its tangled mass close by; further supplies are being brought on the bent backs and thin shanks of ambling sweaty coolies. Two rude platforms have been erected on either side of the fire-hole, the bigger one for the European staff and their guests, the other for the native clerks and their friends.

Two o'clock. The rays of the sun are beating down fiercely on the unsheltered ground. The great crowd of coolies deserts the vendors' stalls and presses forward around the fire-hole. Four men, their bodies shielded by wringing wet cloths, are moving around the edge, poking and raking down the glowing embers. The mass of brushwood and logs, previously stacked in the hole, has duly been kindled. No flames show now, only dull-red glows, but the radiated heat testifies to the intense temperature of the incandescent mass. Is it possible for a human to walk over it with bare feet? We Europeans, though we sit on a platform a good fifteen feet away, feel distinctly uncomfortable and avert our faces. The ladies have waived their right to occupy the front row and shelter behind our backs from the glow of the fire and, beneath sunshades, from the heat of the sun.

A beating of tomtoms heralds the arrival of the group of penitents. Through the vista of rubber trees a procession of men with bare chests and legs, their loins girt in saffron-coloured cloths, winds along the road, preceded by howling, reeling, gesticulating tomtom beaters.

They halt a few feet from the edge. A bleating he-goat is dragged forward, and while a man seizes its hind legs and another its horns, a third raises a large knife aloft, remains poised for a second, then brings the blade down in a flash. A lady in our party screams. The executioner's knife comes down a second time and chops off the right fore-leg, which is then forced between the clenched jaws of the severed head. The ears twitch, the eyes blink till the death-film passes over and they remain fixed and glazed. The convulsively-kicking body is seized by an attendant, and amid fanatical howls is dragged at a run around the hole. The coolies jostle forward, press their fingers in the trail of blood and besmear their foreheads.

A hush.

The pusari advances to the edge of the hole. He stands erect, a brass vase balanced on his head. His visage is impassive. He looks up, joins his hands in brief prayer, then walks with measured tread over the glowing embers yielding like shingle under his bare feet. His calm is such, his demeanour so unhurried that the pitch of the drama comes as a veritable anti-climax. He reaches the other end and steps into a small cooped hole full of whitish water. He has done it! The vase is still ludicrously perched on the crown of his head.

The next man's appearance restores the sense of tragedy. The pusari is a veteran at the game. This man is in a shocking condition and, I feel sure, hardly conscious of his surroundings. His whole body is shaking as with ague. His knees knock. His face, the cheeks transfixed with skewers, is ghastly in its very expressionlessness. Half pushed, half of his own volition, he stumbles forth, gives a convulsive start, pauses, then marches towards the goal at a pace which casts a doubt as to his absolute confidence in the benevolent powers of the gods.

A third comes forward. *He* seems to realize the position pretty accurately. With a bound, a hop, a skip, a jump, and a splash, he is across and wallowing in the water-hole on the other side, howling with pain, feigned or real.

The last man is over. The crowd surges forward and picks out embers as keepsakes before the attendants extinguish the fire utterly with water.

We have some of the participants in the fire-walk brought to us. Largesse is handed out and their persons are examined with curiosity. Not a scar shows where skewers were, not a sign of burns on their feet. A few abrasions at most.

What is the explanation? Has a preparation been applied to feet and ankles beforehand? Auto-suggestion? Divine intervention?

Chi lo sa?

R. Macl.

THE GATHERING OF THE GODS: The Hindu fire-walking festival in Malaya has as its prelude a ceremonial assembly of idols, gods mounted on beasts or litters, which are ritually borne to the site of the trough filled with brushwood which is kindled and across which the self-torturing ascetics make their agonized way. Not only do the fire-walkers face the blazing brush but they also mortify the flesh with skewers and weighted hooks

FIRE-WALKING IN FIJI: The ceremony, similar in character and inspired by a kindred religious feeling to that current in Malaya, is carried out in the archipelago on hot stones, not blazing brushwood. The Fijians are here seen throwing wet leaves on to the scalding stones preparatory to rushing into the steam, sitting on the stones, and making their thanksgiving

MBUKE LEVU is the term by which the fire-walking ceremony is known in Fiji. A protagonist is seen bearing a boulder to be heated

PREPARATION FOR THE ORDEAL: A Fijian chief in the costume worn in the islands steels his nerves for the fire-walking ordeal for which the islands are famous

THE PLACE OF ORDEAL: The litter of boulders which are brought to white heat by an intense fire maintained for eight hours before the festival. In Fiji, the ceremony concludes with piling wet leaves on to the stones and the participants still sitting on the still burning boulders offering prayers of thanksgiving. In Malaya the embers of the brushwood fire are scattered, and odd ashes are kept by the devout

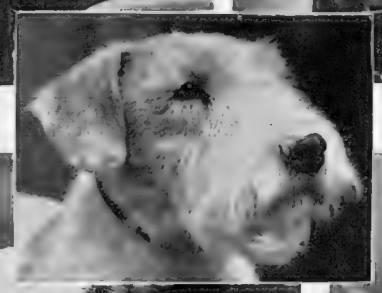
CANINE

The Joint Terrier All-C

"SCOTS WHA HA'E A trio of West Highland terriers arrive at Olympia for the Terrier Show Their expressions are as varied as those of three human beings

FOX TERRIERS OF MANY TYPES during the judg Many of them are being

IN THE RING: A view of the ju *Scotia Showman; on right—M*



A PRIZE WINNER Mrs. Banes Condy's Dandy Dinmont, *Huckleberry Helms man* which took first prize

ONE LOVELY BLACK EYE: The smallest terrier was Mr. Morgan de Witt Blair's *Coverwood Dash*

NOT IN THE SHOW: Brothers in affliction at the Veterinary College

CHAMPIONS

Championship Show at Olympia

Judging of the great Joint Terrier All-Championship Show at Olympia being given a last "wash and brush up"

Judging: *On left*—Mrs. Barker's Sealyham and Mr. D. Pitt's Bedlington, *Blue Posey*

A CANINE "DANDY"! Mrs. Haworth's Dandy Dinmont, *Burnham Rusty*, clad in a woolly coat that was both appreciated by the wearer and admired by the onlookers

TWO FIRSTS AND A CHAMPION: Mrs. A. Silvester's smooth fox terrier

TWO FIRSTS AND A CHAMPION: Mr. J. R. Barlow's wire-haired *Crackley Sportsman*

THREE LITTLE DOGS FROM SCOTLAND: Mrs. O. R. Williams's trio of White West Highlands—*Cooden Smasher*, *Cooden Sleuth*, and *Cooden Swish*, three entrants at the Olympia Show

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF POMPEII

ANTIQUITY IN MEXICO

A VICTIM OF A CURSE? Mrs. Pamela Borbolla, now ill of a mysterious disease, watching excavation work in Mexico

MEXICO CITY.

Has the curse of the Mixtec gods fallen upon those who dug up a prehistoric tomb at Monte Alban in January and found the remains of six great Mixtec chieftains interred in barbaric splendour?

Indians in Oaxaca, the Mexican State where Monte Alban is situated, have contended that a curse would fall on them.

Now Mrs. Pamela Borbolla, pretty American wife of Dr. F. Rubin de la Borbolla, has fallen ill. She assisted her husband, one of Mexico's foremost anthropologists, on the Monte Alban expedition that was headed by Señor Caso.

To add to the mystery, circumstantial reports have reached me that many of the Indian labourers who, fearless at the time, assisted the Caso expedition by doing the actual digging, are gravely ill with a strange malady that native doctors are unable to diagnose. Mexico City physicians, without entirely discrediting the native theory that unearthing of the prehistoric remains may have contributed to the illness, and interested in the reports received here, are preparing to leave for the archæological region. They want to examine the sick and form their own conclusions "in the interests of science."

The sensational discovery by the Caso Expedition of the "Tomb of the Six Caciques" (a cacique is a chieftain) in January startled the world's scientific circles. The discovery has been ranked in scientific importance with the finding of the tomb of Tutankhamen in Egypt several years ago.

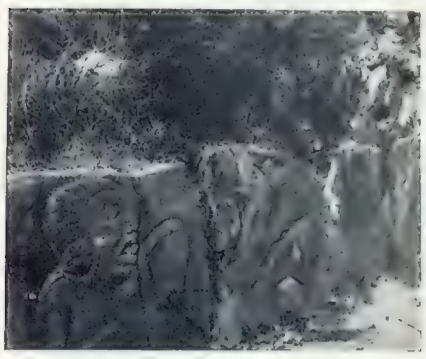
The "Tomb of the Six Caciques" is believed by Dr. Borbolla to date back to the year 1200, long before the discovery of America, and if scientists succeed in deciphering the fine engraving in hieroglyphics on crumbling human bones the secret of the origin of the American Indian may come to light.

Although gold and jewellery of fabulous wealth were encountered in the tomb, it is possible that the bones that were found may thus be worth more than the objects of wealth found beside them. Some of the best Mexican minds are now at work seeking to decipher the hieroglyphics engraved on the bones.

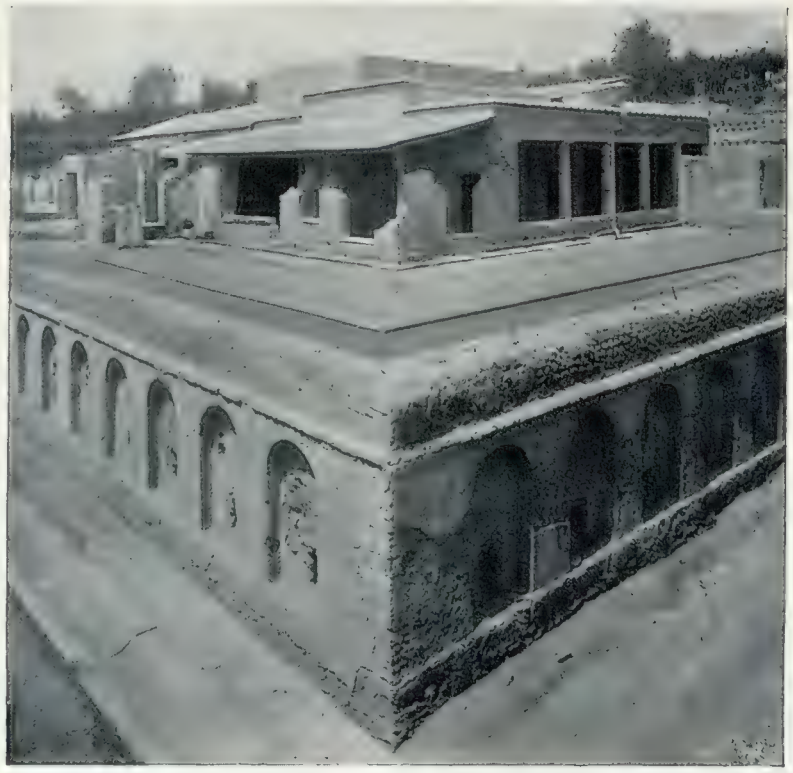
The carved human bones discovered in the tomb bespoke skill on the part of the Mixtecan race, for the technique of the engraving is unsurpassed by the finest modern work.

The Caso Expedition to Monte Alban was suspended in February; ostensibly because of the approaching rainy season in that tropical region, but in reality principally because the funds have become exhausted. Señor Caso has announced that in November he will resume his explorations. Financial aid has been virtually assured for November.

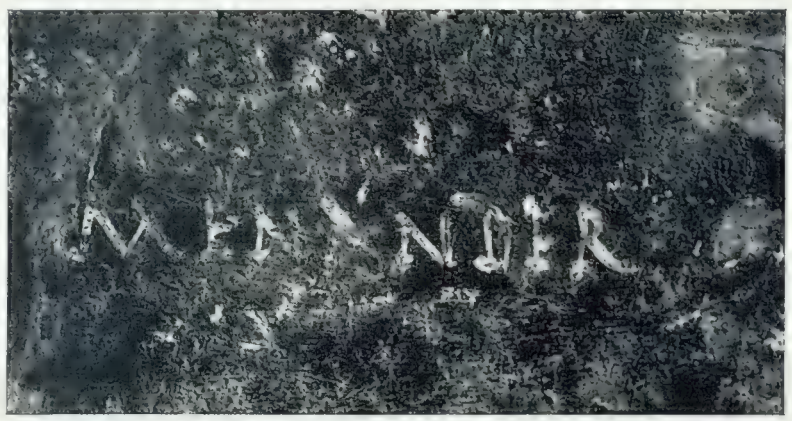
T. A. E.



THE PROBLEM: It is a matter for conjecture among archæologists whether these "portraits" are of persons buried near by



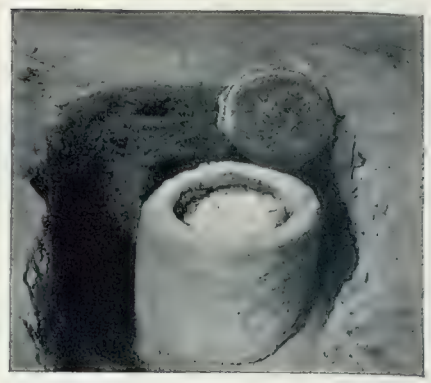
THE VILLA OF MYSTERIES: A new general view of this Pompeiian monument. The Augustan frescoes are wonderfully preserved, one frieze some 56 ft. long with life-sized figures in glowing colours representing Dionysiac mysteries. Where in the picture are filled-in arches, in reality are vaulted passages where many bodies were found



THE LETTERS OF ANTIQUITY: The wall of the interior of Menander House, Pompeii. The name of the famous actor is written on the wall—*Menander Affresco*

BEAUTY IN MOSAIC: A floor in the Menander House, Pompeii, the intrinsic delicacy of which yet yields pride of place to the astonishing preservation which characterizes it

RELICS OF YUCATAN



A TREASURE OF THE AGES: The jar described below as it was found buried beneath the floor of a temple lost in the jungle of Yucatan

The great Temple of Warriors in Yucatan has yielded a secret that is regarded by scientists as one of the greatest finds of the century. For three years replacement work on this old temple has been in progress, and recently arrangements were made for a ceremony to be held on the steps of the Temple of Warriors to mark the completion of the work.

At that time, Earl Morris, in charge of the work, planned to explore the temple for all possible locations where caches of ceremonial treasure might occur. This was to be the last step in the work of excavation. In doing this Morris began systematically uncovering the floor at every point where an altar was known to have existed. A natural beginning was made in an altar near the foot of the main stairway. With pickaxe and trowel Morris attacked the patch near the middle of the altar. Pieces of a broken pot appeared, but no treasure.

When Morris entered the buried east room of the older temple the vision of the altar and its place in the room was as clear as if he had seen it dismantled and put to other use. He cut into the floor. Near the back wall his pick touched an object unlike the materials of the floor. Presently the lid of a buried vessel appeared.

Carefully opening it, Morris saw enough to recognize that a find of great importance had been made. The cover was replaced and the scientific staff assembled. Eagerly members of the group watched Morris deftly remove enough of the obscuring film to reveal the true character of the discovery.

With the utmost care the limestone jar with its precious contents was removed from the place where it had been deposited centuries before, and carried to staff headquarters. There it became clear that it formed the finest specimen of delicate craftsmanship ever found in the country of the Mayas.

The cylindrical jar is 15 in. in diameter and 1 ft. high. Face upwards in the jar lay a disk made up of carefully-cut pieces of turquoise, all highly polished. This wonderful mosaic is 9 in. in diameter. About 3,500 pieces of turquoise were used in making it. Most of these pieces are so thin that the field equipment contains no instruments of sufficient delicacy to measure them accurately.

In speaking of the significance of this disk, Mr. Morris says: "It stands among the finest examples of aboriginal American art. It is the first to be found within the Maya area. The tiny bits of stone composing it were probably mined in Arizona or New Mexico, fashioned and combined into beautiful form in or near Mexico City, then transported through hundreds of miles of jungle.

G. F. P.

TRANSPORT: Mr. Earl Morris (leading) conveying to his headquarters the limestone jar containing the ceremonial turquoise mosaic

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OLD ROME

THE CHAPEL OF THE WATERGOD who was personified as a bull at Trier. The bullock is standing over a man who lies between his forelegs, who perhaps also represents the Watergod, only in human form, akin to the Roman rivergod

A PRE-ROMAN TEMPLE TOWN AT TRIER (TREVES): The detached chapel of the Mother Goddess with a seated statue at the entrance. The goddess is holding a trug on her lap with fruit in it. Behind is the chapel of the Watergod, who took the shape of a bullock. The greatest find discovered during the excavations in the temple district of Altbachtales, near Trier, was the statue of a mother with a child in swaddling clothes, out of the chapel of the Mother Goddess Aveta. The discoveries have been made by Professor Loescke

IN THE ETRUSCAN NECROPOLIS: A wonderfully preserved circular tomb at Cerveteri. This formation is characteristic of Etruscan burial mounds

ANCIENT ROMAN GLASS: A plaque showing a marine deity with prancing forefeet and a merman's tail surrounded by fishes, recently exhibited at Monza, Milan, where a collection of magnificent ancient glass, gutted from the museums of Italy, was on view. The artistic lighting gave its full glory to the iridescent vases in their diversity of colour

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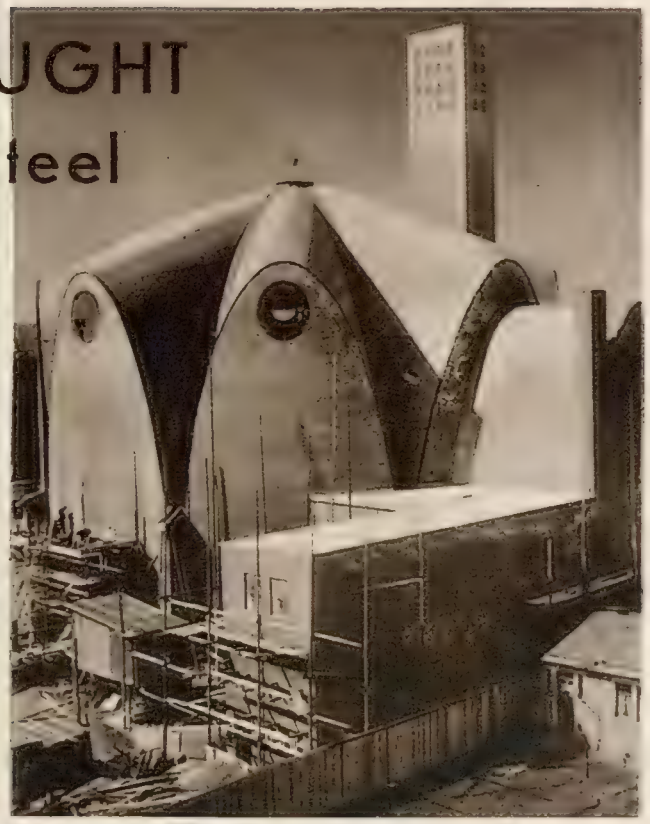
MODERN THOUGHT in Stone and Steel

Ewing Galloway

A CATHEDRAL OF MAMMON: The gigantic and imposing building in the modernistic style which houses Bullock's, the great department store in Los Angeles. It is claimed with the typically facile glibness of the country to be the finest department store building in the world—other lands reserving such ebullitions in stone for edifices inspired by a more permanent purpose or a loftier ideal



THE GOTHIC OF 1932! A church building, now nearly completed in Cologne, reflecting the modern mood in German architecture. The square *campanile* contrasts forcefully with the octagon of the main building

BRITAIN IN AMERICA: The British Empire Building set on Fifth Avenue, New York, between 49th and 50th Streets. It is to appear in the midst of the Rockefeller Building Centre, which runs from 48th to 51st Streets between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. In this fittingly solid structure many varieties of British products will be displayed

INSPIRED BY FASCISMO: The façade of the National Fascist Stadium in Rome. The architect is Marcello Piacentini and the sculptor of the four groups—representing wrestling, boxing, football, and running—Amleto Cataldi. The effect is pleasing, a true union between classicism and modernity

Ewing Galloway

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE BUILDING: Washington D.C. holds enough civil servants to populate a fair-sized town. Though it seems to consist of three separate structures it is all under one unit. The Patent Office is now housed in this edifice

THE NEW HOME OF THE R.I.B.A. AND ITS DESIGNER: The sketch (drawn by Myerscough-Walker) for the design by Mr. Grey Wornum (seen in characteristic pose at work on right) which was successful in gaining the first award out of 284 entrants, including many leading architects, in the competition for the Royal Institute of British Architects building shortly to be erected in Portland Place at the corner of Weymouth Street. Mr. Wornum, who lost an eye in the War, has already gained a very considerable reputation among the architects of the younger school who handled the modernistic style with a commendable sanity. The exterior material for the R.I.B.A. building was limited to Portland stone, and Mr. Wornum has exploited the possibilities of this medium to the full. There is no colour on the outside, but the decorative metal work and the inherent charm of the proportioning are features of the design

BOOKS :

Beverley Nichols Turned Gardener: Narcissism in Autobiography: Erotomania in Verse: Three Novels

By CECIL ROBERTS

The other day I met a cheerful man. He had received a dividend and a bonus. I asked him, enviously, the name of the miraculous company. It was a firm that specializes in gardening appliances. It had had a record year of business and was giving a large bonus to its shareholders. Now if I had any of that financial acumen which led the late Mr. Colman from mustard to millions, I should have foreseen that bonus months ago. When you leave London by train or car, and have emerged from its suburban perimeter, you do not, as once upon a time, reach the country. You reach the domain of the houseowner with one payment down to the Building Society and a lawn that needs a mower and a roller. For miles and miles one rides through strips of gardens each demanding a lawn mower and a roller. It is all so obvious why my friend's share earned a bonus.

For myself I have had to buy a mower and a roller. Mr. Beverley Nichols has had to buy them. We have both become gardeners and have contributed to the prosperity of seedsmen and garden-appliance makers. And if you want to read the story of the delirium that seizes the man who walks his own lawn and stoops over his own flowers you can read it in *Down the Garden Path*, by Beverley Nichols (Cape. 7s. 6d.). It is Nichols in his most Nicholed manner shining in every sentence.

Yet how comes it, one asks in amazement, that the apostle of sophisticated youth, whose roots seemed so deep in West End night clubs, and nurtured by cocktails, suddenly writes a book on gardening? And such a book, too, full of terrifying latinisms, knowledge of the soil, the waywardness of plants, the reluctances of seeds, and the rapture that rises in a hothouse on beholding the first cyclamen to push its head through the dark soil? It is a year now since I had the revelation of the birth of a new Beverley Nichols, a simple creature dressed in homespuns, ruddy in the face and muddy at the feet, rushing from bed to bed where he had blessed exotic marriages in the plant world. He had placed me in a car and whirled me for some hours up the Great North Road into Huntingdonshire. Finally, we had come to his estate. That is the only word, as you will see from Rex Whistler's delightful drawing of Allways (not the real name), with its thatched black-and-white house, secret garden, small lawn, formal flower beds, antinous garden, apple orchard, cherry orchard, kitchen garden, greenhouse, pond, and private wood. He acquired it as he acquired most things, without effort and consummate courage.

"I bought my cottage by sending a wireless to Timbuctoo from the *Mauretania* at midnight, with a fierce storm lashing the decks."

It had belonged to an American who had died. A telegram to his sister in Timbuctoo, with a cash offer, effected the transfer. This book is one of the results. A fine frenzy, a white-hot love, a passion for flowers, an indifference to expense, quick wit, and a thirst for any new experience explain this astonishing book, something of a *tour-de-force*, coming as it does from a mind obsessed with flesh-pots rather than flower-pots.

"It was not till I experimented with seeds plucked straight from the growing plant that I had my first success—the first thrill of creation, the first taste of blood. This surely must be akin to the pride of paternity—indeed, many soured bachelors would wager that it must be almost as wonderful to see the first tiny crinkly leaves of one's first plant as to see the tiny crinkled face of one's first child. In both cases, it is to be supposed, the predominant emotion is incredulity. 'Was I really responsible for this?' asks the young father as he holds the child in his arms. . . . Sometimes he is not entirely convinced that the answer is in the affirmative."

Do not be deterred from reading this book because it is about a garden. Mr. Beverley Nichols cannot walk down the narrowest path without straying into a hundred temptations. "I would rather be made bankrupt by a bulb merchant than by a chorus girl," he exclaims. Finding that slugs were not the only enemies, he proceeds to squash the human variety that come crawling into his pleasance. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but Mr. Nichols is sprightlier with the trowel, and when you have laughed yourself silly at his delectable wit you can rise and go out into the garden feeling you have learnt a lot about the most back-breaking pastime in the world. By all means let Beverley Nichols lead you up the garden path.

Sasha

ELINOR GLYN at home in her Hertfordshire flat with her Persian cats. Her latest novel, *Love's Horn* (Duckworth), has an Hungarian setting

The Apology of a Young Ex-Parson, by Richard Blake Brown (Duckworth. 10s.), has to be read to be believed. I had not gone through forty pages before it became painfully clear what is the matter with its author. It is a pity that some kind friend has not prevented Mr. Brown from this pitiable exhibition. Everyone appears to be dressed in delphinium blue, whether it be choir boys or mantelpieces. As a curate he drank champagne and ate strawberries—"these things do count," we are told. As also the straw hat—"I paid 5s. 6d. for it, and shall have the old Tonbridgian colours—plum, silver, black—affixed. This, when worn with my black Boyd Carpenter clerical waistcoat and horn-rimmed spectacles, will be, I think, an excellent pose." After assuring us that he is a "rebellious and much-abused artist" and that he "had a bath in faintly pale-green hot water, my body putting me in mind of ancient Greece," we proceed from Narcissism to worse. Ginger riding breeches, jade-green bathing costumes, delphinium-blue shirts made up the garb of this corybantic curate, who need scarcely assure us "I am quite a singular person" with "hair deliciously crisp and fluffy and coy." He also possesses "the hell of a contralto voice," and "given a tiara and train to kick about could understudy Dame Butt."

We plunge from pantomime to prayer, and the burial service to the Hippodrome. After burying a child and making some disgusting observations upon the state of the body, he "was glad to change into Footlights Club tie, snatch up my cap and ginger overcoat, and go off by tram to the Queen's Grill, with an Oppenheim, and have mixed vermouth, clear soup, a chop and peas, coffee and a cointreau."

He was a voracious reader of Oppenheim until Carl van Vechten, *The Well of Loneliness*, and other pathological literature claimed his enthusiasm. Much of his time was spent in giving red carnations to friends, all of whom were "such dears," including convicts in the gaol where he ministered. "I was told that my nickname at the prison is Harold Lloyd. I don't look like him at all. But I suppose the lower classes attach an undue similitude to those who wear tortoiseshell spectacles." Later in the afternoon, "I took two funerals. I wore a clean cotter and the beautiful purple-damasked satin-stole, all embroidered with Japanese gold and scarlet. This was great fun."

Mr. Brown's mission was to brighten the Church "as an apostle of joy." He appears to have graduated from the Old Vic as well as Cambridge. When he was not wearing "pale-grey flannels, check jacket, mauve shirt, and a pink rosebud," or wearing chestnut riding breeches, he donned a town garb. "I walked with graceful pomp across Waterloo Bridge, striking in appearance by reason not only of my height and general good looks, but by reason of the contrast betwixt my smart black greatcoat and spotless white suède gloves."

As an essay in exhibitionism and megalomania this hotch-potch must be read to be believed. "I sip vermouth and read more of Carl van V, hoping some waves will return to my recalcitrant hair, because they are so much more cogent than godly wisdom in parish work." In a boy of seventeen these antics would have called for spanking. In a man of thirty they are, to say the least, nauseating. But my last wonder is not how such a buffoon was allowed to turn the chancel into a vaudeville stage, but how any publisher could be found to print this "apology" of a young ex-parson in "a heliotrope silk shirt, open at the neck." One must remain grateful that the author is "quite a singular person." One is enough.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck is another character for the gallery of literary freaks. He is an American minor poet who has an immeasurable conceit concerning his inspiration, which appears more diabolic than divine. Some time ago, with a partner, he produced a book that in the form of a novel portrayed all the known, and some of the unknown, vices of humanity. How it passed the Censor and was allowed a wide circulation is beyond my comprehension, for it appeared at a time when the Home Secretary found poison in *The Well of Loneliness* and would not allow *Ulysses* to cross the Channel, with a consequent enormous increase in the sale of both books. That sleuth-hound of vice, Mr. James Douglas, could have had a riotous Sunday with Mr. Viereck's excursion in the Seven Deadly Sins, and many others unenumerated.

Now Mr. Viereck turns up as a poet with *My Flesh and Blood* (Jarrold. 12s. 6d.). He is tireless in his energy and incredible in his megalomania. During the War he conducted the German propaganda against the Allies in the United States. We can forgive him his excursions in hate. These excursions in verse are less forgivable. The notes that accompany the poems are a joy. "Every poet is an exhibitionist," says Mr. Viereck. "My own books are a succession of intimate personal revelations. Some of these poems are frankly phallic, the fiery ebullition of tumescent youth. Others exhale a sophisticated maturity. Sex allures me at all times."

With the result that we are treated to a mess of psycho-analysis, the libido, bi-sexuality, sadism, and other oddments of the psychopath's laboratory.

Mr. Viereck claims royal descent. "When a reporter of the *Philadelphia North American* asked me if Emperor William I was my grandfather or my uncle I replied indignantly, 'That is of no importance. It is far more important that I am the spiritual grandson of Edgar Allan Poe.'" What a tale of horror and imagination for Poe!

At present Mr. Viereck seems to be doing his best to prove that he is the re-incarnation of Antinous. "When my last volume of verse appeared, the endorsement of Europe was written across its pages."

(*Continued on p. 326*)

THE FAR FROM ANGELIC ANGELS in *Vile Bodies*, Waugh brilliant satire. "The Angels" are the body more character than caricature from

IN *HEARTBREAK HOUSE* AT THE QUEEN'S: Mr. Cedric Hardwicke as Captain Shotover—a rôle in which he recovers all the brilliance so lacking in his performance in *Caravan*—and Miss Edith Evans as Lady Utterwood, a part as typically Shavian as the King's Platonic Mistress in *The Apple Cart*. The conversation in this formless and almost Tchehovian play is as brilliant as any G. B. S.

PLAYS:

Opera and Sir Thomas Beecham at Covent Garden: A Dull Revue: A Disappointing Ballerina: A Revealing Film

By PHILIP PAGE

After preliminary alarums and excursions of an unusually acrimonious type even for a profession whose purpose is harmony, peace came suddenly and unexpectedly, with the result that Covent Garden has opened its doors and an opera season. It is a season for the perfect Wagnerites only. Those who delight in the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Puccini, and whose joy it is to revel voluptuously, after a good dinner, in the high notes of Italian tenors have nothing provided for them. German music, and meals at odd hours, are the programme this year. But the Wagner Festival has been well and truly launched, and Sir Thomas Beecham is back again at the conductor's desk after twelve years' absence. The only thing really wrong with the scheme this year is that there is so little of it.

I regarded it as a very hopeful sign at the first performance—*Die Meistersinger*—the number of young folk in the stalls and boxes. No doubt youth was equally well represented in less expensive parts of the house, whose importance I do not underestimate. But the support of the young people who have money to spend is valuable, not only because they are *dans le mouvement* and have some weight in creating or reviving a vogue, but because they are the patrons, both of the present and of the future, without whom opera, an exotic and expensive plant, cannot hope to survive. This year, at any rate, it is quite untrue to speak of Covent Garden as the resort only of the aged and the dowdy. The death of Diaghileff, and the absence of rival Russian attractions elsewhere are elements which doubtless have to be considered. But the fact remains that Wagner in Bow Street this summer is flourishing exceedingly.

The quality of the performances so far shows that such prosperity is well-deserved. There is a solid merit about them which, coupled with the brilliance of Sir Thomas Beecham's conducting, seems to me to be precisely what is wanted. The Covent Garden scenery is, of course, both realistic and ancient. One hears in the intervals talk of the wonderful things this or that scenic designer (foreigner, of course) could do for *The Ring*. But there has not been time for such experiments, nor is there the money. The singing is absolutely first-rate, and the orchestra, although there are certain deficiencies, is on a very high level indeed. That is a great deal. With Schorr as Hans Sachs, Lotte Lehmann as Eva, and Fritz Wolff as Walther, *Die Meistersinger* came as near perfection as is humanly possible. I was glad to notice the presence of British artists in important rôles—Mr. Philip Bertram as Pogner, and Miss Gladys Parr as Magdalena, both of whom did extremely well.

In *Das Rheingold*, which followed, British singers were more to the fore still, and included Mr. Norman Allin, Mr. Edward Leer, Miss Rispah Goodacre, Miss Josephine Wray, and Mr. William Michael. Although the new German Wotan, Herr Hoffmann, stood out above everybody, to refer to the season simply as a German one is quite absurd.

H. Dennis Bradley's successful dramatisation of the Evelyn of not such nice girls attendant on Mrs. Ape, drawn with Sister Aimee Semple MacPherson

Fourteen years ago the London Pavilion reverted to its original status as a music-hall for a short and unsuccessful period. Then followed a further era of Cochranic splendour, with films sandwiched in-between whiles. Now the "Pav." is back to variety again—and variety with a difference in both length and substance. Dan Leno, Marie Lloyd, and other celebrities of the old place would not have jibbed at the pace and the hard work of this non-stop arrangement, for they led non-stop lives and journeyed to three or four halls and back again in the course of the same evening, and did it all in a one-horse brougham, too. But I doubt whether Marie Lloyd's "bluest" song ever evoked the gasps of surprise which greeted the appearance of what I suppose one may call the young ladies of the ballet in the present entertainment at the "Pav." Not that they are "pavilioned in splendour." And if they are "girded with praise" they are girded with precious little else. Not in a considerable experience of Paris and Berlin have I seen such exiguous covering on a dancing troupe. But they are graceful creatures and they can dance and—well, perhaps in these days of nudism and sun-culture and the rest of it there need not be a "but" at all.

IN *SEE NAPLES AND DIE* AT THE LITTLE: Mr. Bernard Nedell, Miss Olive Blakeney, and Mr. Anthony Holles in Elmer Rice's comedy of wise-cracks, which centres upon two engrossed chess players and terminates with an assassination—and a return to the game. Mr. Elmer Rice will be recalled as the author of the brutal *Street Scene* and the satirical novel, *Voyage to Purilia*

Among those whose clothes weigh a trifle more are Ann Penn, who is a brilliant mimic of other stage stars. I always consider that when theatrical folk imitate other theatrical folk there arises a situation similar to that of people who endeavour to live by taking in one another's washing. But Miss Penn does this sort of thing as well as anybody and better than most. Besides, there is an economic aspect. Some astute and frugal impresario may be tempted to engage Miss Penn for his programme and no one else, thus obtaining Evelyn Laye, Gracie Fields, and even the great Garbo herself by proxy, and getting the exact effect of the presence of these august celebrities without having to pay them.

Max and Harry Nesbitt, an Australian couple, were amusing in a quick-firing way, and made quaint noises, and Randolph Sutton is a good light comedian who deserves better material. Berenoff and Charlot are brilliant dancers, and Billy and Elsa Newell have, among other gifts, that of comedy. I rather missed a good, downright singer of comic songs, with a red nose and the voice of Stentor. There are some about, and no doubt one will be secured eventually. Naunton Wayne supplied the brand of facetiousness which in a play drives me to the bar like a scalded cat. But for a *compère* in this type of entertainment it comes in useful.

This is the season of the year when asparagus and solo dancers alike become plentiful. The latter give matinées, and have a faithful and enthusiastic following. Another of them has cropped up, this time at the Globe Theatre, the home of *Wings Over Europe*, in the person of Miss Mary Wigman, who (according to an explanatory booklet given away with the programme) seems to have had her feet over most of America. I fear I cannot join in the ecstasy of the American critics quoted, one of whom proclaims Miss Wigman to be "a dancer without a peer." Her confessed aim has been "to divorce the dance from the dominance of music." That is all very well provided one does not divorce it from grace as well. The beats on gongs, brass basins, etc., which accompanied Miss Wigman's performance did not have their monotony dispelled by anything of outstanding importance in the performance itself, which in the accepted sense was not dancing at all.

"What Miss Wigman dances," the programme told us, "is the inner life of man, and because her understanding is deep she penetrates to subterranean levels." If it is a touch of Philistinism in me which prevents my accompanying Miss Wigman on these underground excursions, I must in all fairness grant her perfect sincerity.

American cabaret singers seem to find it difficult to strike a happy medium. Either they throw themselves at their audiences and give too much, or they withhold themselves and give too little. Miss Sophie Tucker belongs to the first category; Miss Marion Harris to the second.

Miss Harris's reticence was peculiarly unfortunate in the case of *The Jack-Pot*, the new revue at the Prince of Wales Theatre, for there was so very little to compensate for it. This was not the type of entertainment so abundant in wit and original ideas that it could afford to use so sparingly one of its few personal assets. It was so long before Miss Harris appeared that I almost began to suspect that she was a Mrs. Harris, and that there was "no sich person." However, appear she did, though seldom, and sang with cool and dignified point some songs, the chief merit of which lay in their interpretation.

Miss Phyllis Monkman showed that ten years of pierrotism had not damaged her energy or diminished her grace. She was the live wire of an evening which had otherwise a minimum of electricity about it, and she displayed an unsuspected versatility. Her long stage experience has taught her that in revue it is not only necessary to portray "types" but to know exactly *how* to portray them.

With a shade less of the consciousness of burlesque Miss Monkman's Cockney girl, her fashionable dressmaker, and her mimicry would be absolutely first-rate. As it is they are very good indeed.

It was surely a mistake to let a very serious play by Vernon Sylvaine occupy a third of the programme. "Even if it was good" a revue audience would probably not like it; but its chief feature was merely that it was ambitious, which is a more polite word than pretentious.

"Barbette," the female impersonator, contributed an interesting episode. Whether or no one likes to see a man looking precisely like a girl, and a damned pretty one at that (personally, I do not), it cannot be denied that Barbette is uncannily clever, that he can wear women's clothes better than 99 per cent. of the women one sees on or off the stage, and that he is a brilliant acrobat. "Barbette" is unquestionably one of the high spots of this revue, and it is to be hoped that he and Miss Monkman will be able to pull it into something like a success. They will have an uphill job.

The Beast of the City, at the Empire, proved to be not so vicious as the preliminary propaganda suggested nor, for that matter, as New York and Chicago happen to be. Yet it is curious that America, so far from being ashamed of its gangsters, loses no opportunity of boosting them by means of the cinema. In this film the vision is switched swiftly from gangsters to the community on whom they wage war, and if I am not vastly mistaken it is not the community with whom the audience is supposed to sympathise, though one actually saw a jury in the process of being terrorised. This film is a sordid business; but it bears the stamp of truth about it, and the photography and general production are admirable, as is the acting of Jean Hersholt and Walter Huston.

Sasha

MISS MARY WIGMAN, the German ultra-modernist dancer, whom Maurice Browne is presenting at the Globe Theatre for three matinées

HIGH AND DRY: A novel feature of Crowland, near Peterborough, is the pack horse bridge, now left high and dry in the main street

TELEGRAPH HILL—one of a chain of semaphore stations linking London to Portsmouth. This tower is at Cobham and is supervised by its ancient guardian

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MINSTER: A quaint old corner of York which is popular especially among American visitors who delight in its antique charm

JOHN WESLEY'S BIRTHPLACE: The village cross at Epworth, Lincs., from which John Wesley addressed his early congregations

ENGLAND'S FINEST OLD TYTHE BARN—an eighteenth century structure at Bredon, Worcs., is offered for sale. Its exterior stone staircase is unique

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

MOTOR CRUISING on the CONTINENT

With Illustrations (on left)

of

THINGS TO SEE IN ENGLAND

There are many owners of motor cruisers in England, but most of them are content to keep their boats in sheltered creeks round our coasts. Surprisingly few owners ever venture to cross the Channel and explore the inland waterways of Europe.

France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany are all joined up by a perfect network of rivers and canals and, once your cruiser is safely over the Channel, the variety of tours on inland waterways is endless.

Touring in a motor cruiser is quite a cheap form of holiday-making, and to my mind it is by far the most enjoyable.

In England we have to pay heavily for the right of navigating on our inland waterways; the lock and river dues on the Thames are almost prohibitive.

All the waterways and locks in France are free, and the same, with a few small exceptions, can be said of Belgium, Holland, and Germany. In these countries it is well to remember in the interests of comfortable travel and the good feeling to be engendered between Britain and Europe that, although no charge is made, the lock-keepers naturally expect a small tip from pleasure boats.

In France and in Germany motor yachts are now treated in exactly the same fashion as motor cars, and in order to take one's boat to these countries an Englishman must join the A.A. or the R.A.C. and procure the necessary papers and make the usual deposit. Belgium and Holland make no difficulties; in Holland the Dutch Touring Club arrange matters and in Belgium it is sufficient to show that the yacht is British.

Motor touring is all very well, but after a time one gets rather tired of meeting only hotel visitors and hotel employees, and one longs to see something of the people themselves.

In my opinion there is no better way of visiting a country and mixing with its people than touring by motor cruiser on its inland waterways. These waterways take one far from the beaten track, and sometimes for weeks one never meets a tourist. This is the only way of getting to know the people of a country as they really are. Of course, in order to enjoy this sort of touring it is advisable to know something of the language of the country you propose visiting; the better you speak the language, the more enjoyment you get when chatting with the river folk. And it is also true to say that the better you know the language the cheaper and the better you will live—the more especially if you intend making any purchases abroad. The cost of motor cruising compares very favourably with hotel life, especially if one of the party is able to cook and if most meals are taken on board.

When marketing abroad I have seldom found that the peasants or shopkeepers take advantage of my being a stranger in a strange land; I have always found that we paid exactly the same as the natives.

In France a permit has to be obtained from the Ministry of Public Works before the cruiser is permitted to navigate in French inland waterways. This permit costs 5s. or 6s., and the tourist has to state in correct order all the waterways he wishes to navigate.

The French also require you to pay a tax on the motor in your boat; this tax is payable quarterly, and is the same as for motor cars, according to the h.p. of the engine.

In Germany, contrary to the spirit intimately associated for generations past with its name, usually a synonym for officialdom run riot and red tape gone mad, there are no formalities of any sort; once the boat has entered German inland waterways she is free to go anywhere and has no motor-tax to pay.

I have now kept my boat on the Continent for the last six years; during two summers we did the rivers of northern France and then crossed over into Belgium for the third summer.

The fourth summer we spent in Holland and the fifth and sixth in Germany. I have left my boat for the winter near Lübeck on the Baltic, and next year we hope to see a good deal more of Germany, and then possibly ship her over to Finland or Sweden. In fact, for a minimum of expense, one may see half Europe with delight by means of a motor cruiser.

L. C.

FOR HOME AND FOREIGN TOURS

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, and routes to any of the districts mentioned on these pages, and in fact to any of the interesting travel centres of the world. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed—

THE SPHERE Travel Bureau,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2

ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC: The lovely country near Travemünde, a centre of the herring fishery and a notable German watering place

THE VALLEY OF THE MEUSE: An enchanting vignette of motor-boating in Belgium. The picture was taken near Dinant, south of Namur

THE FLEMISH FLATS: A general view of our correspondent's motor-boat *Tamara*, on the River Yssel. There are two rivers of this name in Holland

ON A TRIBUTARY OF THE ELBE: The vessel *Tamara*, on the Alster, in the environs of Hamburg

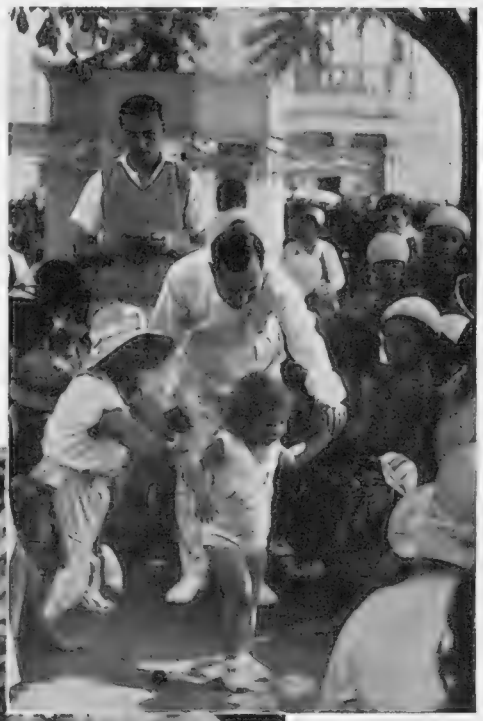
ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE: A cruising vignette at St. Etienne du Rouvray, some four miles south of the lovely old town of Rouen

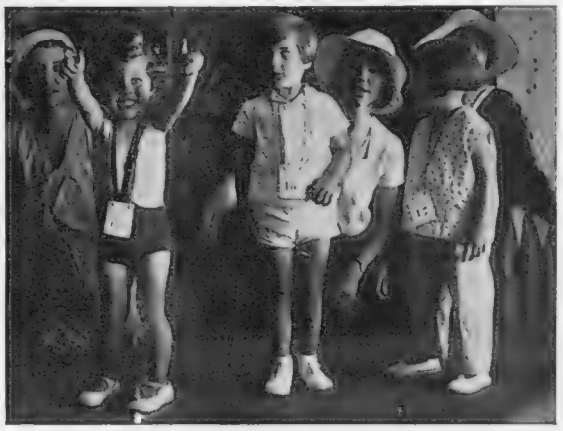
THE BABY SHOW at ROYAN

READY FOR THE PARADE: A mother directs a young competitor on to the runway, where the "exhibits" were judged during the beauty baby show at Royan

THE WINNER: The baby awarded the first prize at Royan—a close-up view showing the beauty of eyes and hair

PRIZE AND PRIZEWINNER: The successful entrant in the baby show at Royan was presented with a motor-car and chauffeur—just like the grown-ups!





THE BEAUTY PARADE: Two enchanting children sally forth to show their paces at Royan. The fashion for beauty competitions is markedly on the increase; there may yet evolve contests for "beautiful old age"

ROGUISHNESS INCARNATE: A delicious little morsel of humanity slips towards the runway. The difference of expression not only between various children but between two pictures of the same child reproduced in this page is quite remarkable

AWAITING THE AWARDS: Two entrants await with varying expressions the decision of the jury as to whether either of them has proved successful in the baby competition at Royan

MODES OF TO-DAY

The Possibilities

The World of Women

Miss Lena Moillova, the beautiful leader of the Women's Fascist movement in Vienna. Brilliantly clever, she is a barrister as well as a Doctor of Philosophy, and she is seen wearing the black béret with long tassel she has designed especially for her followers to wear

Above on right—Mlle Maria Szemler, the young Hungarian actress, takes to the popular nose-veil worn aslant on her close-fitting black and white straw

Elwin Neame

The Hon. Sheila Berry, a charming debutante of last year and daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose, has chosen stripes to form a top to her dark skirt with a little striped bolero to match. The short sleeves, with a high waist point above the striped waist belt, complete a charming and effective ensemble

Brains plus chic is the new combination of forces of modern woman. No longer does the professional worker scorn the femininity of fashion, but rather brings it to her aid; no more does the term "blue-stocking," and all it implies, refer to the brainy lady of to-day who prefers to choose the cobweb variety in the newest shade. The combination is successful from all points of view because the intelligent woman adds poise and individuality to the styles she chooses, while she even creates them for her particular requirements. She can be a follower, but is not so apt to become a slave, to fashion. In her struggle for emancipation and the right to compete with men in their own professions she often overlooked the requirements and background necessary to her own charming sex. Now her position is more

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Binnie Hale, the brilliant revue actress, wears this scintillating frock in moonlight blue sequins in *Bow Bells*, with béret and scarf to match. Each sequin is hand-sewn

and TO-MORROW

of Chic in Every Walk of Life

By BLANCHE ELLIOTT

assured, and she "has dug herself in," so to speak, she can look about her. She has found that femininity and chic possess attractions all their own, so that she need by no means scorn a fashionable frock even though she be a doctor of philosophy. Indeed, she can be far more philosophical in a charming gown—can't we all?—and would probably get more people to listen to her when so morally and personally fortified.

Society and the Stage have always been the great fields for fashion, and probably will continue to be; but it certainly affords the greatest relief to know that the stern-faced sisterhood of brilliant professional women are now looking with favour on the modes of the moment, or are willing to share in the gaiety which our hats are so flagrantly exhibiting.

Really, no one should be too serious all the time, especially in days like these. Women always have a great outlet to their emotions and hopes in the frocks they wear which is denied the sterner sex, so they should take advantage of it. Miss Gladys Cooper triumphantly proves in *Dr. Pygmalion* that pretty dresses can actually effect a health cure by bringing interest back to a dull life by providing a piquant sauce to the daily diet.

Imagine, too, after a severe political discussion how a woman can shed it all by slipping into an exotic tea-gown and triumph over the male encased in his armour-plate of stiff collar and shirt. Women doctors of science and art are now learning that their arguments can be still more forceful when their propounder is clad in a chic gown and coquettish hat. Brains and beauty can well go hand in hand and such a combination is invincible.

Fashion, after all, is only successful when approved and worn by beautiful women of taste and intelligence in every walk of life. Actually such approval is more important to the dress designer and creator than any other—for it is what *they* choose to wear that is the breath of life to him.

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Gladys Cooper, the lovely and accomplished actress manager, in a Molyneux suit she wears in "Dr. Pygmalion." In this play she proves conclusively the value of a "dress-cure" for a *Malade Imaginaire*

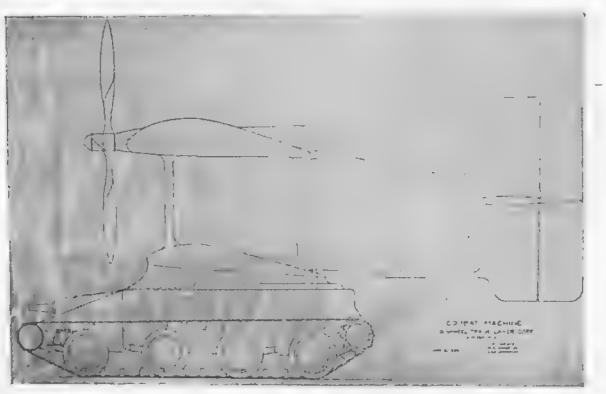
This beautiful English girl, Miss Nancy Vass-Wurmser, is reputed to earn more at her profession of Beauty Doctor than any woman in Vienna. In an impoverished country she charges £5 for each consultation. To her simple and workmanlike blouse and skirt she has added distinction by wearing a gaily striped silk scarf and swathed belt to match

Mme Dora Rosenhauer, the noted architect, whose plans for a workmen's garden village have been accepted by the Vienna Civic Council. She is wearing the neatest of short cloth coats and a smart straw sailors

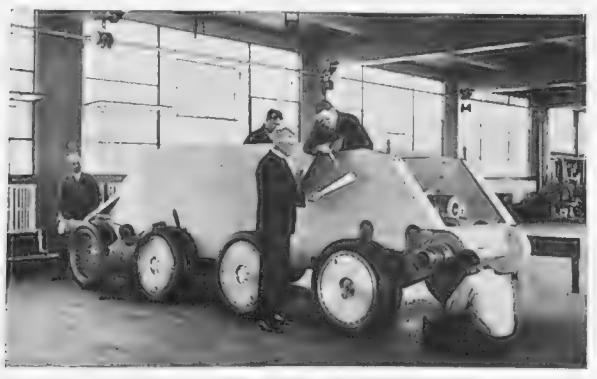
A PIONEER: Mr. H. Jay Hayes of New York and the electrically driven car in which in 1900 he made a 105 miles tour in five days, which, as the American caption observes, was "going some" at that time

CONSIDERATION FOR DOGS is enjoined by this plaque let into the wall of the main road near Stroud. With the gradual evolution of road-consciousness, animals also must be safeguarded

FINES ON THE SPOT: A notice near Bishop's Cleeve, Glos., informing motorists of the scale of charges for damaging a hedge that has often suffered from over-fast cornering



DESTRUCTION FROM ABOVE: A blue-print of a flying tank credited with a land speed of over 100 m.p.h., which is nearing completion in the workshops of the U.S. Wheel Track Layer Corp., at Linden, New Jersey



ALMOST COMPLETED: The aerial tank minus its wings with the inventor, Mr. Christie (standing), and Mr. R. G. Anderson, his assistant, supervising the construction of the machine

* THE PETROL WORLD *

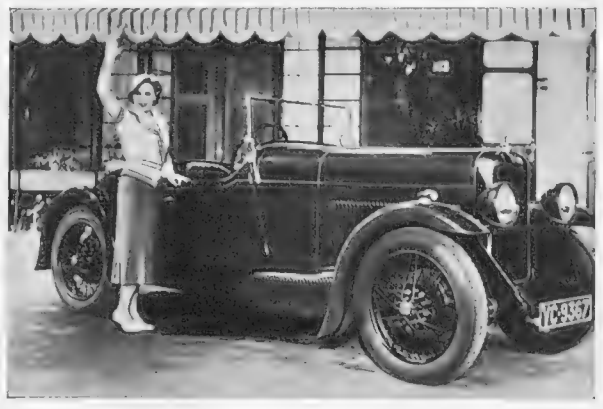
By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE FATAL "NO."—A few days ago I came unpleasantly close on two separate occasions to the properly constituted authorities. First of all, the date for the renewal of my driving licence came round and I duly filled in the application form, which was sent off in the usual manner. These new application forms are so complicated with their innumerable questions that I must confess that towards the end of the page I became a little careless. Imagine my surprise when a few days later I received a letter from the County Council to say that as I had confessed to not being able to read a motor-car number plate 25 yards away they were unable to issue me with a new driving licence. If anything is likely to make a motorist think hard a communication like this would do it. In great haste I wrote back, apologised for evidently having written the word "No" in the column where it produced this disastrous result instead of stating "Yes." I remember now how it all happened. I had placed the word "No" opposite heaps of questions which asked me if I suffered from a hundred and one different diseases. Having written this small word so many times I must have repeated it opposite the fateful question. The County Council were the essence of courtesy, and having made due amends from my side they issued me my new licence. I quote this experience as it may help to prevent other motorists landing themselves in what might be a difficult position. Read the questions very carefully before signing the form and returning it to the authorities concerned with the necessary remittance.

AN INEFFICIENT MOBILE POLICEMAN. — My second collision with the authorities was almost a collision in fact. I was driving my car along Putney Heath quite close to the near-side kerb at a speed of about 32 m.p.h. There was nothing on my side of the road in front, but a long string of cars was bearing down on me on their side of the road. Just when half of them had passed me a mobile policeman on a motor cycle suddenly pulled out from behind the last car in the procession on to my side of the road. Seeing me, he made a hasty attempt to return to his side of the road, but as he was travelling at a speed which could only be justified if he were chasing car bandits he did a most alarming wobble and skid almost in front of my radiator. The road was dry, so he kept his saddle, but I had quite a nervous moment or two until he cleared me. Had any private motorist driven in this manner in the same set of circumstances and had I been the mobile policeman I should have been lacking in my duty had I not stopped him, taken particulars, and started the ball rolling for a really good legal row. With an uncomfortable number of road hogs still on our roads it is very disturbing to find oneself almost on the road to hospital through the idiotic driving of a minion of the law. I wonder how many of the mobile police who drive cars and motor cycles in the metropolitan area were motorists or motor-cyclists before they were policemen? It seems to me that the perfect mobile policeman must first of all be a perfect driver and afterwards he can in the course of time qualify to be the perfect policeman.

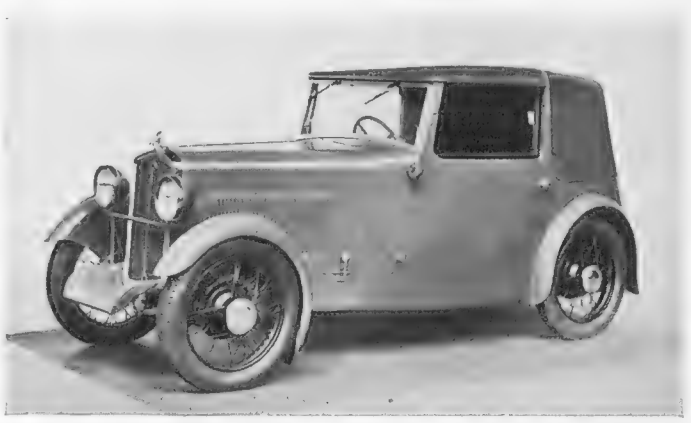
"MOTOR RACING." — I have recently finished reading a book called *Motor Racing* by Mr. S. C. H. Davis. It is not a novel or a work of fiction in any shape or form, but it is a very faithful and thrilling account of motor racing from the pen of one who himself is one of the best known and most successful exponents of this sport. The general public are led to believe that motor racing is a highly dangerous occupation whether one participates in it or looks at it as a spectator. At the same time the great majority of the general public are thrilled at the spectacle and those that drive ordinary touring cars would like to race if it could be done without any risk and without any great expense. To such people my advice is, buy a copy of this book and read it. By so doing they will obtain all the thrills of this exciting sport in the comfort and safety of their own armchair and at a cost of 7s. 6d. This is no exaggeration, because there has never been a book before which, by reading it, places the reader in the driver's seat of a fast travelling motor-car in a competitive event. As the reader turns over the various pages he experiences all the thrills which come to a racing driver whilst actually at the wheel. Then again Mr. Davis shows the public that the urge which took hold of him and which comes to a large proportion of the youth of to-day is that same urge which sent those many stolid Englishmen on voyages of discovery in the times of long ago. He shows us with conviction that to enter the world of motor racing resembles the starting off on a grand voyage of exploration. No artist with a brush ever painted a truer or more convincing picture than Mr. Davis does with his pen in *Motor Racing*.



TWO STARS: Miss Dorothy Bouchier off for a run in her Alvis 12-60-h.p. Sports model which is being featured in a number of films in production at Elstree

DEMAND EXCEEDING SUPPLY. — The 16–20 Daimler has been even a greater success than was anticipated by its manufacturers, with the result that the number laid down to be produced has been sold much quicker than was thought possible. The firm has, therefore, been compelled to start a new production batch of this model, and in accordance with their usual policy, which is to embody improvements in the light of experience whenever possible rather than to introduce new models each year, they have made certain modifications to this 16–20 Daimler which are more than usually interesting. Its principal feature—the Daimler fluid fly wheel and self-changing transmission—remain unchanged, but the car is now offered as a roomier, more luxurious, and handsomer owner-driver saloon. To do this the wheelbase has been somewhat increased, and the frame and axle design modified so as to allow a body of greater width to be fitted. The rear seat will thus accommodate three persons in comfort, and the body is of a more up-to-date design and finish. The latest design of the Daimler radiator and the distinctive bonnet mouldings as are seen on the large Double-Sixes have been embodied with really pleasing effects. Great as the success of the old model has been, this new one is likely to be even greater.

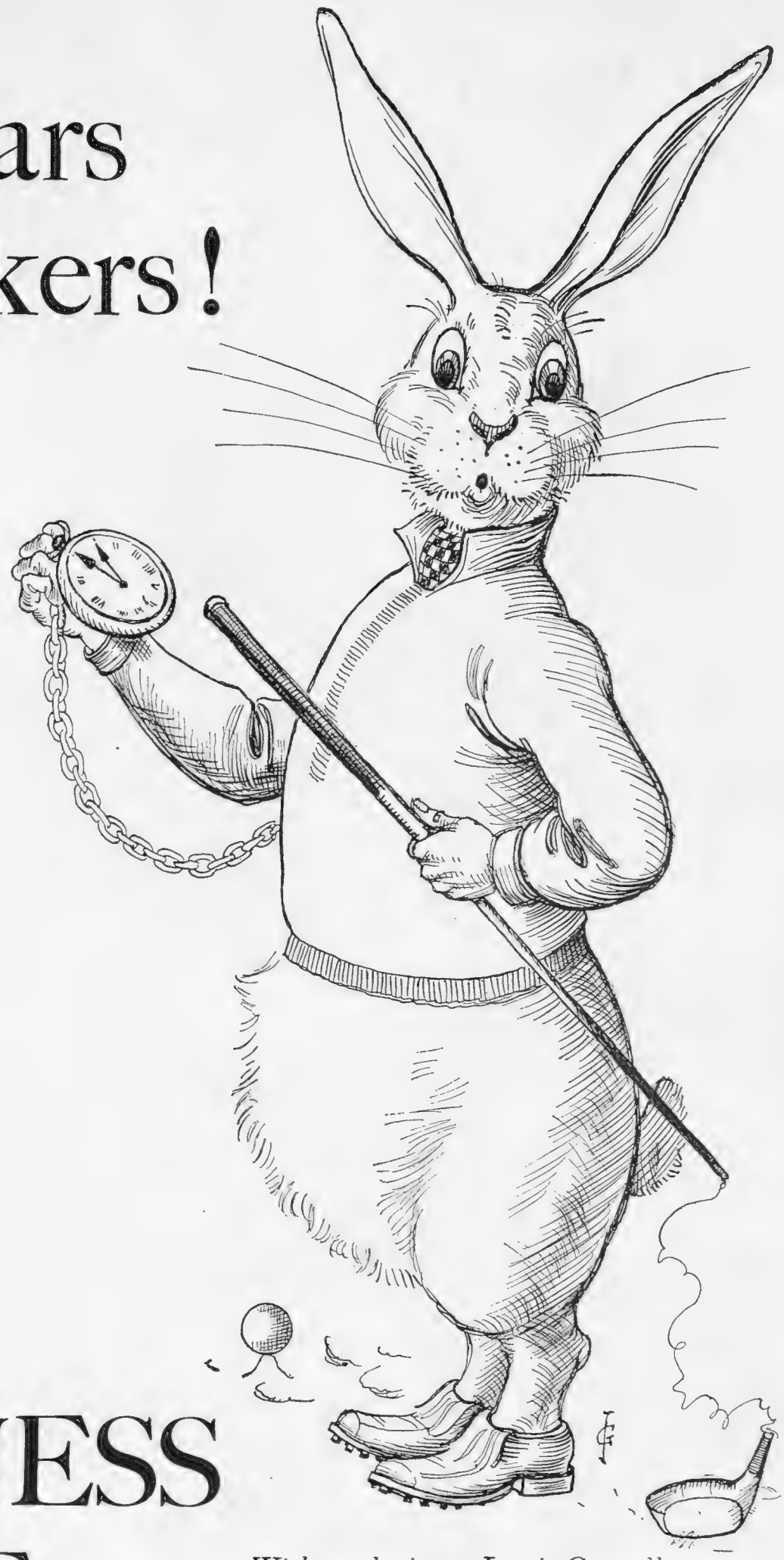
EXPORTING A BRITISH CAR. — As a result of the excellent reception of the Standard Motor Company's 1932 models rapid strides have been made in the development of the company's business overseas where the acceptance by the public has been no less gratifying than that experienced here at home. There is no gainsaying the fact that export in the British motor trade has not received the attention which the ever-growing importance of this branch of industry justified, yet it is of considerable interest to learn from official statistics that for a number of years Standard cars have usually been placed third or fourth among British cars exported. The number of Standard cars shipped during the eight months ended March 31, 1932, exceeded the previous twelve-months' shipments by over 500 per cent., and it is interesting to record that in addition to large shipments to the more important markets such as Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India, cars are exported in big numbers to China, Straits Settlements, West Indies, and various European markets. The last official statistical report from New Zealand showed that Standard held third position among all makes both British and foreign.



BOUND FOR INDIA: A Wolseley Hornet with a special Eustace Watkins drop-head coupé body ordered by the Maharajah of Kashmir. The car was sold to the Maharajah by Messrs. Barker and Hooper (Coachbuilders, India), Ltd.

THE TRIUMPH CAR CLUB. — The latest one-make car club to be formed is for Triumph owners. It is enrolling members rapidly, and the social events so far organized have been well attended and highly successful. The programme of future activities includes several sporting events which should have enthusiastic support. The entrance fee, which covers the cost of a handsome badge, is 5s., and the yearly subscription, 5s. also. "Social," or non-car-owning members, pay the same subscription, but no entrance fee. Application for full particulars should be made to the general secretary, Triumph Motor Club, 39, Selwyn Crescent, Welling, Kent.

Oh my ears and whiskers!



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With apologies to Lewis Carroll and Sir John Tenniel

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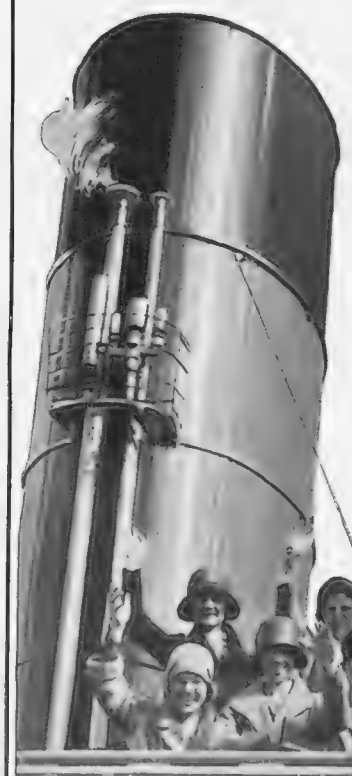

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THIS YEAR—A CRUISE ON THE 'ARANDORA STAR'

CVS-127

NEW ZEALAND: The limestone cliffs in Kawhia harbour have a grotesque but none the less appealing beauty

THE SPHERE EMPIRE

By MAXWELL

One of the most immediate and encouraging results of our recent political difficulties has been the sudden rise of public interest in the British Empire, not merely as an industrial and commercial proposition, but for its vast possibilities for holidays and touring. Pride in the Empire in the past, though great, has not been allied to any extensive knowledge of its exceptional range of natural beauties, historic interests, sporting facilities, or climatic conditions. In spite of our early lessons in geography, there are probably few of us who quite realize how wide-flung our Empire is, or the multiplicity of interests and contrasts it affords to the tourist and holiday-maker.

Dominions and Commonwealths as a whole are, of course, remembered, but how many people realize the infinite possibilities of each one of these great countries, or that the lesser possessions of Britain are so numerous and so widely scattered that there is scarcely any type of climate, scenery, or peoples of which at least a percentage cannot be found under the British flag. From the Arctic regions with their Esquimaux inhabitants to the tropic jungles of South America and Africa with their dark-skinned natives, there are districts under British rule, and no one who is patriotically determined to take an Empire holiday need fear any loss of interest or pleasure by so doing.

The first attempt to gauge its possibilities will be illuminating in its results, and will prove that to neglect entirely the Empire is to miss some of the most fascinating experiences, and magnificent scenery in the world.

THE SOUTH COAST: An aspect of Bournemouth, most sheltered of marine resorts, and one of the few seaside places to enjoy pine-wooded surroundings

Canada, brought within a week's voyage by the splendid service of Atlantic liners, has history and legend to enhance the attractiveness of its great modern towns, whilst the fame of the glorious St. Lawrence River, the magnificent Rocky Mountains, and the far western coast, are an irresistible magnet to those who care for wonderful scenery and for sport on a scale undreamed of in Britain.

Though by far the largest and certainly one of the most popular and easily reached of Britain's possessions in America, such fascinating places as British Honduras in Central America, British Guiana in South America, the tropic islands of the West Indies, and the fair Bermudas have much to attract and interest tourists, each place having entirely different scenery, history and customs. The West Indies have become familiarized by name and fame to the British public by cruises during the last few years, but the others are comparatively unknown territories, of which the Bermudas, by their sunlit beauty and their accessibility, are likely to become exceptionally popular.

Although there are 150 islands in the Bermudas, their total area is only 19½ square miles, but in this area there is such an amazing variety of glorious scenery, and such a riot of roses, lilies, morning glories, and other brilliant plants, which grow wild in great carpets of colour, that the Bermudas might well be called the Garden of the Atlantic. The two largest towns are St. George's and Hamilton, the former of which grew up haphazard, and is a queerly fascinating place of irregular streets, Spanish-looking houses, and high-walled gardens, and the latter, a well-planned modern town with a cathedral that rivals any ecclesiastical building in the Western Hemisphere in the beauty of its form and the perfection of its workmanship.

Though the countries bounding the Mediterranean are all foreign, British possessions are to be found there also—the gay military station of Gibraltar, the famous naval headquarters and British colony of Malta, and the lovely isle of Cyprus, whilst many of the islands now under foreign governments have antiquities of special interest to the British tourist, particularly at Rhodes, where memories of the Crusaders are revived in streets and houses, which have changed but little since their day.

In Africa, Britain's possessions are even more widely scattered and contrasted, ranging from the Union of South Africa, with its delightful survivals of its Dutch origin, to the purely savage districts of the interior. Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Nigeria in the West, with Kenya Colony and Zanzibar in the East, are full of fascination for the tourist, who appreciates the contrast between the charming and frequently highly-civilized little towns and settlements of British colonists, and their surroundings of primeval jungles inhabited by untamed savages living in primitive simplicity. Big game hunting is, of course, the irresistible attraction of South and Central Africa for the ardent sportsman, whilst unusual sights and scenes delight the tourist at every port of call.

India, home of teeming millions of alien races, colourful and compellingly alluring in its complete strangeness, and the strange, exotic countries of further India, make yet another phase of Empire. Australia, a continent in itself and filled with unique flowers, trees, animals, and birds having no resemblance to those in

THE MEDITERRANEAN: A vista of Cyprus Famagusta. In the background are the of St. Nicholas, dating back to the

OF TRAVEL

TRAVEL

FRASER

any other part of the world, is a place of violent contrasts between its huge, densely populated modern towns and its limitless and almost uninhabited interior. Its neighbour, New Zealand, differs again completely. New Zealand has an amazing variety of climate and scenery and is the finest centre for big game fishing in the world. The delightful race of Maoris, with their ancient history and picturesque customs, live side by side with the British colonists in a completely friendly and natural association in much the same way as the progressive and up-to-date towns seem to merge into the unspoiled magnificence of their surroundings.

Even some of the South Sea Islands, which are so inseparably linked in the minds of most people with their ideas of romance, are under British rule, whilst Sarawak actually has an Englishman as its hereditary ruler since the day when his ancestor was given this territory by the Sultan of Johore for his services in suppressing a native rebellion.

Though so much of this great Empire is too distant to be visited by any but the leisured, Britain itself reflects in miniature the wide variety of interests of its huge Empire, and those who are compelled to take their holiday in the mother country have a range of scenery and a wealth of towns and villages from which to choose, scarcely less bewildering in their multiplicity and variety of attractions than the Empire. There is the grandeur of the Highlands and islands of Scotland, contrasting with the soft brilliance of colouring to be found on the South coast, or the combination of both on the North-east coast of England.

THE EAST COAST: Whitby is a fascinating resort, with an old world atmosphere that enhances its delightful charm

of Arran with its wild glens and fine mountain scenery. Although it is possible to make a day trip to Arran, the beauties of the island tempt the majority of people to make a longer stay and explore its possibilities. Another fascinating steamer trip is from Glasgow to Oban, passing through the pretty little Crinan Canal, whilst the train journey from Oban to Glasgow is claimed by many world travellers to rank with the finest railway rides in the world for splendid scenery and historic interest.

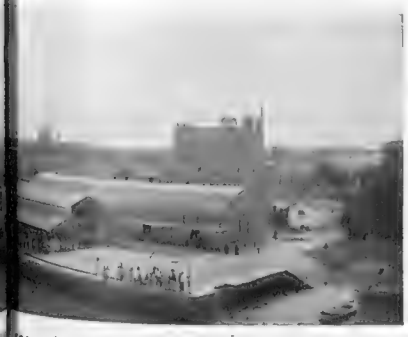
Apart from the individual attractions of the resorts on the North-east coast of England, each can be made a centre for exploring exquisite valleys and other inland beauty spots, historic towns, and famous ruins of castles and priories. There is a widespread belief in the South of England that these resorts are cold, but they often enjoy wonderful sunshine at times when the rest of England is enduring prolonged spells of bad weather, and the temperature of such sheltered towns as Scarborough compares favourably with many South coast resorts.

These North-eastern resorts range from gay and popular resorts like Scarborough, and quaint old-world towns like Whitby, to almost deserted bays where a few scattered houses provide accommodation for the seeker after peace. Scarborough is a revelation to those who imagine North coast resorts are drab and uninteresting. Colourful Italian gardens, luxurious hotels, splendid cliffs, and vast stretches of sand are blended into a charming whole, with a picturesque little harbour, an ancient castle, and gracious medieval buildings to hint at the town's long and interesting history. The immense and palatial Pavilion houses the Spa, and a multiplicity of amusements, which are more than adequately supplemented by theatres, concert halls, ballrooms, and cinemas.

Ewing Galloway

CANADA: A view of Quebec seen from the Citadel overlooking Dufferin Terrace. Below the old town flows the St. Lawrence, River of the Thousand Isles

The Lowlands of Scotland owe their fame to their literary associations, which have attracted hundreds of tourists annually. Sir Walter Scott flung a mantle of romance over the Lowlands. Ayrshire is filled with memories of Robert Burns, Scotland's most beloved poet. The countryside reaching from the Border to Glasgow is known as the Crockett country, and Forfarshire boasts the birthplace of Sir James Barrie. Glasgow is one of the finest touring centres in the British Isles, being linked by railway and steamship services with such famous beauty spots as the Trossachs, and the glorious western coast and islands of Scotland. Among the many delightful sea trips from Glasgow is that to the Isle



seen from the old Venetian harbour of old fortifications and the medieval Cathedral beginning of the fourteenth century

Many of the South coast resorts have achieved such fame that their very names are a promise of holiday joys. Bournemouth, with its pine-woods, cliffs, gardens, and golden sands, has recently come into still greater prominence as the scene of a Medical Conference, when the benefits of its mild climate were emphasized. Bournemouth is superbly lovely at all times of the year, and its round of amusements never slackens. The recent rebuilding of the Pavilion on a scale so lavish that it became one of the largest and finest in the British Isles, has added immeasurably to the town's natural attractions, which include many delightful walks and drives through beautiful valleys and glorious woods and moorlands.

Weymouth, which came into favour during the reign of George III, is another South coast town which is enjoying a fresh access of popularity,

(Continued on p. 322)

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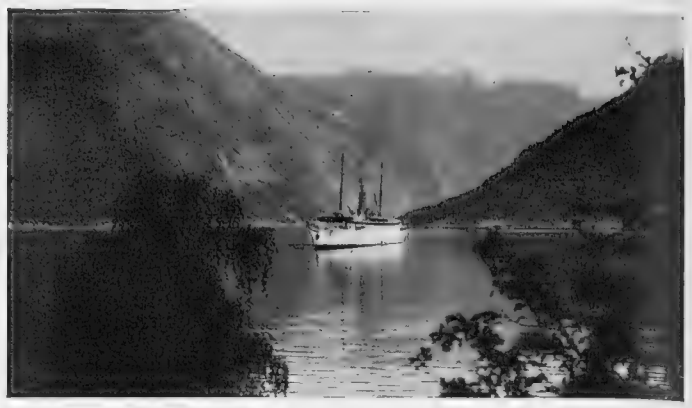
EMPIRE TRAVEL

(Continued from preceding page)

AFRICA: Travel de luxe in the Angola highlands is conducted on a *tepoia*—a light hammock slung on a pole which also sustains a canopy against the tropic sun



NORWAY: A view of Hardanger Fjord. The most ardent patriot may yet visit Norway and still travel imperially, for he may go on a cruising holiday by a British boat

Its lovely bay is so vast that it gives the town an air of spaciousness which enhances the charm of the old-world air, which clings even to the most modern buildings. Interest in the medicinal waters of Weymouth has recently been revived, and there is a possibility that this healthy resort will add the attractions of a Spa to its many amenities, but even without this inducement for visitors, Weymouth can hold its own as a delightful family resort.

Never before has everything British achieved such popularity. British holiday resorts, British possessions and Dominions, or at the very least, British ships cruising along foreign coasts, have achieved a phenomenal popularity, and the huge proportion of people who have hitherto been content to spend every holiday on the Continent is now appreciating the enormous advantages of an Empire which can offer every possible form of holiday resort, ranging from the many delightful and familiar places in Britain itself to countries and islands where there is little or nothing to remind the traveller of the Mother Country. So widely scattered are these lands that steamship journeys or cruisers of every possible length can be planned, from a short voyage across the Atlantic to Canada, to a trip to the Antipodes and back lasting sixteen weeks.

The Canadian Pacific Company have planned many attractive sea and rail tours to Canada and its fine towns, varying in the length of time taken from twenty-one days to six weeks. A special three-day cruise under sealed orders in July, and a five-days' Bank Holiday cruise to Santander, give an opportunity for those whose time is limited to take a sea-voyage, whilst two Norwegian cruises and eight Summer Mediterranean cruises cater for those who can spare longer periods.

The Blue Funnel Line, in conjunction with the White Star Aberdeen Line, runs a series of round voyages to Australia and South Africa. The boats take about sixteen weeks to make the journey from London to Brisbane, calling at Las Palmas or Teneriffe, Cape Town, Durban, Freemantle, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney en route. The fare for the round voyage is remarkably cheap by either first or cabin class, and attractive round-the-world tours are also arranged by the companies. A special departure on August 27 will be a round trip lasting four months and visiting Suez, Colombo, Malaya, and Java on the outward journey to Sydney, and returning via South Africa.

The Orient Line issue special summer holiday tickets to various Mediterranean resorts. It is only £8 for a return journey to Gibraltar in a 20,000-ton liner, and the longer voyages are but little extra. Six cruises of varying length will also be run to the Norwegian Fjords.

INDIA: The Shalimar Gardens, named after a river famed in song, a paradise of fountains, lilies, and cypress in the State of Kashmir

The *Mauretania*—Britain's fastest ocean liner—is to set a new vogue in Atlantic holidays. Arrangements have been made by the Cunard Company for this famous 31,000-ton liner to make two novel trips from Southampton to New York and Bermuda and back, during May and June. These voyages will probably constitute the quickest holiday trips out of England this year. Holiday-makers who take advantage of this new development in cruising will journey over 7,200 miles within 18 days—an average of over 400 miles a day.

The second of the trips takes place from Southampton on June 11, returning to Plymouth and Southampton on June 30. Due to the recent substantial reductions in ocean fares the entire holiday can be made for £5+ 5s. This cost includes the return Atlantic voyage in tourist accommodation in the *Mauretania*, all meals and sightseeing expenses in New York and Bermuda and the additional ocean fare from New York to Bermuda, and back.

The P. and O. Company offer a variety of Norwegian and Mediterranean cruises, in addition to their fine services of ships to New Zealand and Australia. Various cruises to Norway and the Northern capitals and the Mediterranean in the *Andora Star* are planned by the Blue Star Line.

So many of the British liners are confining their cruises to Norway, the Northern capitals, and the Norwegian fjords that those who wish to visit other parts of the world may find it more convenient to travel by the famous Lloyd Triestino Line, which maintains regular services to the Piræus, Istambul, Alexandria, Cyprus, Palestine, Syria, Bagdad, and the Levant; to Bombay, the Gateway of India; and to China and Japan.

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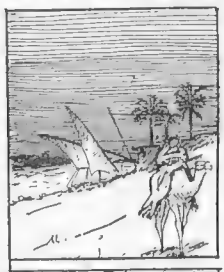

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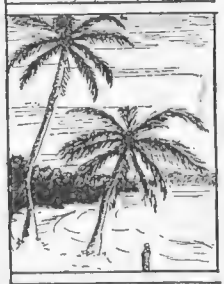
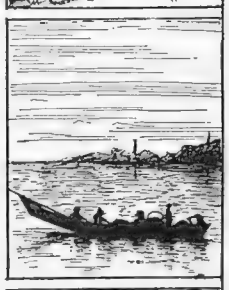
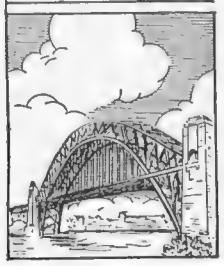


MALAYA



JAVA

THE BARRIER REEF



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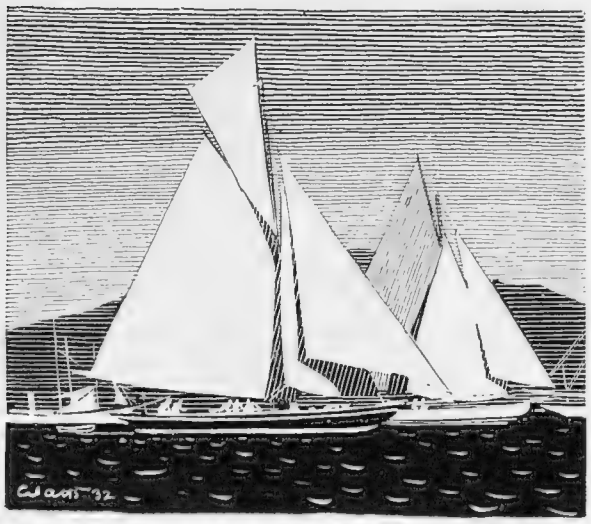

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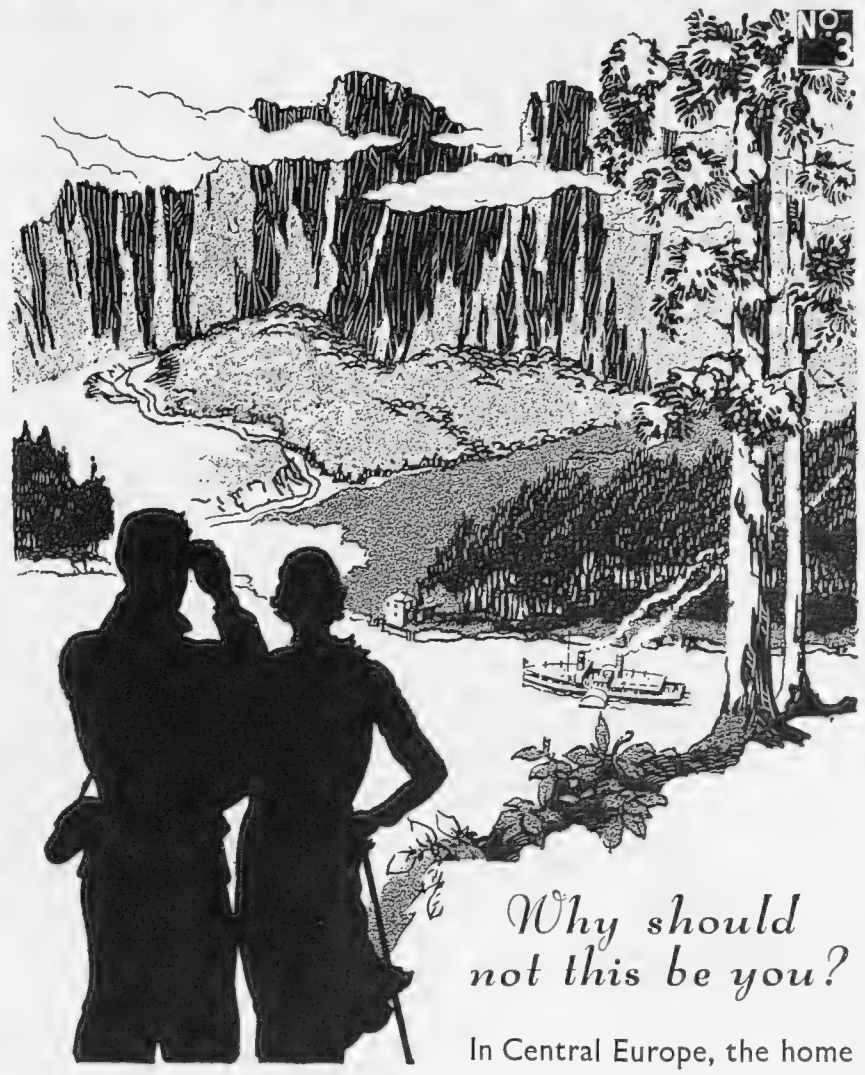

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● *For all information apply Continental Departments, LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes) or VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the*

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STRAIGHTENING OUT: This picture and that above on left show the two positions of the exercise on the rowing machine

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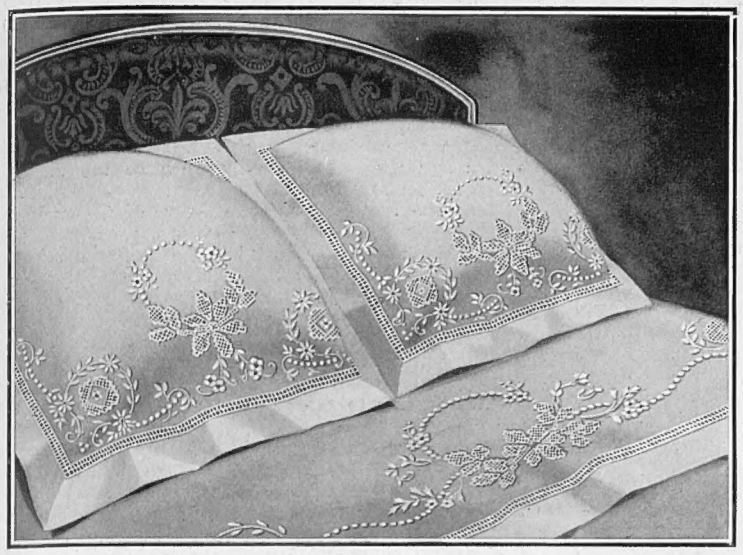

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CONTINUATIONS

BOOKS

(Continued from p. 312)

As many seem inclined to doubt this, Mr. Viereck appends a collection of eulogiums at the close of his book. "He is a prince of a poet," says *The Fra* (East Aurora). Surely "peach" would have been better—but let us all be dumb. After telling us that our ductless glands are our destiny, and much more about our endocrine constitution, Mr. Frank Harris is quoted as having said that one of the poems "is nearly as good as Dante. In my opinion you are the best poet in the United States." Adds Mr. Viereck: "My modesty makes it impossible for me to agree with Harris. My love for the truth makes it equally impossible for me to contradict him." The fact is Mr. Viereck is not quite bad enough to appear at once the poetaster that he is. But as an erotomaniac he is unique.

Mr. T. S. Stribling is a powerful writer. Too powerful sometimes, for he loves wringing the necks of nouns and adjectives, and his grammar is apt to dislocate its joints. "A wagon, oddly loaded, came rattling and jouncing up Market Street. . . . By her side jounced an ashen-hued girl, heavy with child, clutching the seat on the brink of child-bearing." There is no such word as "jouncing" and no need for it, and that remarkable seat should be preserved in a medical museum. Yet bad writing of this nature need not put off the reader of *The Store* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). It is a strong story of the Southern States in the days before the abolition of slavery, and the character of Colonel Miltiades is magnificently drawn. He became the father of a "white negro" who was lynched by the mob, and the tremendous lawlessness of the slave-owning States is most vividly conveyed.

In his second novel, *The Sweepstake Prize* (Benn. 7s. 6d.), Mr. A. P. Nicholson tells the story of two clerks who won forty thousand pounds each in the Calcutta Sweepstake. One bought gramophone shares and became a millionaire, the other bought land in Florida and was ruined by the tidal wave. They are united in their passion for one girl, and the finale reveals the deeper currents of personal emotion beneath those of primary greed. It is a well-designed and told story. The Miami disaster is most excellently described and supplies a fine climax to a stirring story.

The interest for me in *The Public School Murder*, by R. C. Woodthorpe (Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.), does not lie in the mystery, which is good enough, but in the really excellent discussions upon public school teaching and traditions. It is a novel with ideas and philosophy, as well as a good proportion of excitement.

THE LIGHTS OF LONDON

(Continued from p. 297)

except among the Americans, in the applications for presentation at the Courts. The private dances are not so many as in previous years, but entertaining in the form of sherry parties and cocktail parties and other early-evening affairs is as great as ever. Theatrical successes are booked up months ahead. Even the ability to tune-in on every foreign wireless station one can name does not detract from the gaiety of London nor keep us indoors.

Being cursed with neither wild extravagance nor hysterical panic, this nation is setting an example to the world of how to submit with complete cheerfulness to the most crushing taxation that history has ever known, and yet provide for itself and its guests the most brilliant, well-ordered, and attractive entertainment, hospitality, and gaiety in the world. At the moment, at any rate, London is on top of the world.

If the licensing magistrates could grant each of the privileged restaurants which already enjoy one extension night a week the right to sell liquor until 2 a.m. every night, she would automatically remain there for the rest of time.

The flood-lighting of Piccadilly Circus is the first intelligent piece of showmanship that the authorities have displayed. If Mr. Cecil Whiteley, the Chairman of London Quarter Sessions, could have his way made clear towards granting extension nights throughout the week, the job would be complete.

Mr. Whiteley is the final court of jurisdiction and in his hands rests the future of Brighter London. Suave, white-haired, quick-witted, and altogether a man of the world, he would be, I am sure, the last to oppose any measure which would mean added prosperity to the nation.

SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES

(Continued from p. 293)

and prolonged economic depression. They have known year after year of uncertainty, they are waiting for the coming change, not certain what it will be, but they can still laugh and enjoy themselves. Nor have the unemployed given up hope, for if they had their homes and their clothes would not be the model of neatness that they are.

One can only guess at the future of Germany. It may be Fascism. If it is, maybe the cares and responsibilities of office will have a profound effect on Nazi policy. It may be Sovietism, though this is unlikely unless there is complete economic collapse. The ability of the German Communist Party to carry through a successful revolution is less than it was five years ago, for the forces against it are infinitely stronger.

The answer to the riddle may lie in the fact that the strength of Republicanism, as expressed by the militant divisions of the Reichsbanner, is growing steadily. It may prove to be the co-operation of the Nazis inside the present system as the result of the Prussian elections. The silent mines of Bochum, the cold blast furnaces of Oberhausen, the empty engineering shops of Essen, the rows of idle ships at Hamburg, and the closed works in Thuringia cry out for change. And change there must be if Germany is to go on to future greatness and prosperity.

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For many years past the *Quiver* has annually presented two "Good Conduct" prizes to a boy and girl under the Society's care. This year the boy winner is one who came from a very overcrowded S.E. district where twenty-four children and six parents had been living in a small six-roomed house. In having taken him into Fortescue House School, his life has expanded, and whilst not particularly brilliant in schoolwork, in everything requiring quickness and common sense he can always be depended upon. He is a hard worker, and should do well in his career. The kindness of the Editor of the *Quiver* is one example of the way various well-wishers encourage the Society's children to make the most of the opportunities afforded them in the Homes. Contributions are much needed. Please send a gift to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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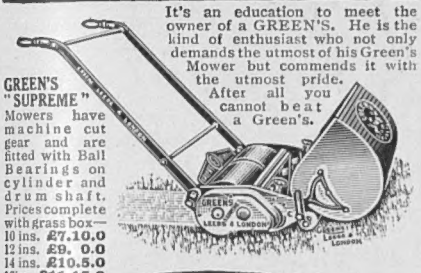

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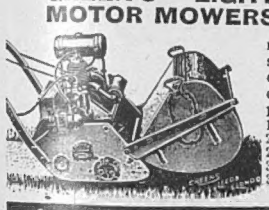

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